MEMORY.

Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew.

Pinnau & Sons.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL ROGERS

WITH

A MEMOIR.

CONTENTS.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THERE seems to be something so repugnant
to the pursuits of literature in habits of trade
and commerce, that the instances have been
very rare in which they have been combined in
one individual. The historian of the Medici,
and ROGERS the Poet, are almost solitary in-
stances of literary taste and talent being united
harmoniously with traffic. Samuel Rogers is a
banker in London, and has been for many years
at the head of a most respectable firm. His
father followed the same business before him,
and amassed considerable wealth, both which
became the heritage of the Poet, who was born
about the year 1762, in London; but little or
nothing is known of the way in which he passed
his early years. His education was liberal, no
cost having been spared to render him an ac-
complished scholar. That he improved by
thought and reflection upon the lessons of his
youth, there can be no doubt; and, it is to be
presumed, he lost no opportunity of reaping
profit from the extraordinary advantages which
his station obtained for him. He always kept
the best society, both as respected rank and
talent, the circle of which in the metropolis of

England in his younger days was more than commonly brilliant. His political ideas are what are styled liberal, and no one has ever been able to reproach him with the abandonment of a single principle with which he originally set out in life. Over most of his early friends and companions the grave has now closed, and they included among them many great names.

With a strong attachment for the Muses, after the excellent education Rogers received, it is not surprising that he ventured before the public. His first work was an " Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," which appeared in 1786. This was followed by a second publication, " The Pleasures of Memory," when he had passed the greenness of youth, having attained his thirtieth year. In 1792 this poem was received by the public with universal applause. The subject was happily chosen, coming home to the business and bosom of all ; it was executed with great care, and various passages display uncommon felicity. As a whole, perhaps its chief defect is that it wants vigour, but the deficiency in this quality is made up in correctness and harmony. Rogers is one of the most scrupulous of the sons of the lyre in his metre, and he too often sacrifices that harshness which sets off the smoother passages of a writer's works, and prevents sameness and monotony, to mere cold purity of style. Perhaps no poem of equal size ever cost its author so many hours

to produce. Not satisfied with his own corrections, he repeatedly consulted the taste of some of his friends ; one of the most devoted of whom, Richard Sharpe, then a wholesale hatter, and since Member of Parliament,* has said that, before the publication of this poem, and while preparing the successive editions for press, they had read it together several hundred times, at home as well as on the Continent, and in every temper of mind that varied company and varied scenery could produce.

In the year 1798, Rogers published "An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," and in 1812 "The Voyage of Columbus." Two years afterwards, in conjunction with Lord Byron, or rather printed in the same volume with Byron's Lara, appeared his tale of "Jacqueline ;" a poem which displays a strange contrast to the fire and energy of the author of Manfred. Sweet and pleasing rather than striking. "Jacqueline," though well received, contributed little to increase its author's reputation. "Human Life," next to the "Pleasures of Memory," is the most finished production of Rogers. The subject was a good one, for it was drawn

* This gentleman has carried the *art* of brilliant and interesting conversation to an unprecedented degree of perfection, having in fact reduced it to a matter of mere business, as systematic as Book-Keeping. He keeps an index to his multitudinous commonplace books : and has a debtor and creditor account with his different circles of the jokes let off or the set speeches made.

from universal nature, and connected with all those rich associations which increase in attraction as we journey onwards in the path of life. It is an epitome of man from the cradle to the grave, and is executed throughout with the poet's wonted care.

The friendship of Rogers with Sheridan and with Byron is well known. When the great wit, dramatist, and orator, was near the close of his career, neglected by those who were foremost in the circle of friends when he enjoyed health and prosperity, the individual who relieved the wants of the dying man was Rogers; whose opulence of purse enabled him to do that act of benevolence to his friend, which must ever be one of his most gratifying reminiscences. It is seldom poets are so well enabled to meet the aspirations of their hearts towards others. A dispute, on the appearance of Moore's "Life of Sheridan," was very warmly kept up connected with this circumstance. It was said that a friend of Sheridan, of no less rank than a former King of England himself, had been among those who, in his last moments, were regardless of the pecuniary necessities of the dying man; that at last, when no longer necessary, a sum of money was sent by the royal order, which Sheridan returned, saying that it came too late, a friend having furnished him with all he should require while life remained. Loyalty never lacks defenders, or perhaps the Prince of Wales was not to blame, as tales of distress are

always slow in reaching the ears of individuals in august stations. However the matter might have been, the affair was warmly disputed in respect to the implied royal neglect, and remains still in as much uncertainty as ever; but Rogers gloriously carried off the palm of friendship and feeling on the occasion, let the truth lie which side it may, in respect of the tender from a higher quarter. Byron and Rogers were on terms of great intimacy, both in England and during the poet's residence in Italy. In that medley of truth and falsehood, the "Recollections of Byron" by Medwin, the noble poet is described as alluding to a singular talent for epigram, which Rogers is made to possess. This talent, however, has been very sparingly employed. Certain buffoons and scribblers in Sunday newspapers, who have been opposed from political principles, or rather whose pay at the moment was on the opposite side to that taken by the venerable poet, impudently ascribed a thousand bons-mots and repartees to Rogers, whom they never saw in their lives, and which they manufactured themselves. His skill in writing epigram, however, is acknowledged; but what he has produced is the work of the scholar and the gentleman; for there is not an individual in existence less likely to trespass on the rules prescribed for the conduct of either, by the regulations of social intercourse.

Our poet has travelled much out of his own country, and he is not less a master of manners

in the better classes of society abroad than at home. His " Sketches in Italy," prove that he was no unobservant sojourner abroad ; and as his opportunities for observation were great, he did not fail to profit by them proportionately.— This may be noticed in his conversation, which is always amusing and instructive ; and, more particularly, when, visiting the circles of his fashionable or learned friends, he becomes the spokesman on some topic which interests him, and which he sees affording gratification to others.

Rogers never entered upon the stormy ocean of politics. This is singular, from the number of his political friends, and the example set him by his father. The elder Rogers was renowned in the annals of parliamentary elections for a severe contest with Colonel Holroyd, subsequently Lord Sheffield, in dividing the suffrages of the city of Coventry, when the obstinacy of the combat attracted much attention. He has wisely preferred the gratification of a pure taste, and the interchanges of urbanity, to the stirring hazards of political ambition : notwithstanding which he is a warm partisan of the principles he has chosen, and understands well how to maintain them. What he has done every way proves that he is conscious of his own powers, but careless of indulging them, though much in this respect may no doubt be attributed to his unceasing attention to the calls of business, from which he never allows himself to be diverted.

Rogers is now in the " sere and yellow leaf" of human vegetation. He is the kind, agreeable, affable old man; but there is nothing beyond the good and amiable in character depicted upon a countenance by no means the best formed and most impressive of the species, if the features are separately considered. His habits are remarkably regular, and his conduct governed by that urbanity and breeding which show he has been accustomed to mingle most in the best society.—He takes a great interest in all that promotes the improvement of the state and contributes to the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men. In short, Rogers, like all men of genius, if possessing certain eccentricities, is gifted with the impress of high intellect which belongs to that character, and which makes it so distinguished above the herd of mankind. There is about Rogers, however, a sort of *otium cum dignitate* which seems to repress his energies, and to keep inactive a spirit which, had it been less indebted to good fortune and flung more upon its own resources, would have performed greater things.

Among the friends of Rogers were Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and a galaxy of distinguished names, when they were in the zenith of their glory. To the illustrious nephew of Fox, the well-known Lord Holland, and to his friends of the same political party, Rogers still adheres. He is accounted one of the literary *coterie* at Holland House, the hospitable receptacle of men

of talent from all countries and of all creeds. He is introduced in the Novel of "Glenarvon" at the court of the Princess of Madagascar (a character intended for Lady Holland); and perhaps the name of no individual is more on the lips of a certain fashionable order of persons who are attached to literary pursuits, than that of Rogers. His opinion is looked up to, and justly, as one of great weight; and though not devoid of a certain irritability of temper, his general good-nature and kindness,—for he shows no tincture of envy in his character,—contribute largely to increase the influence and impression made by his judgment.

Such is the sum of all which is known of Samuel Rogers,—a poet who never rises to the height of Byron or Campbell, but who is of the same school. He is remarkable principally for the elegance and grace of his compositions, which he polishes up and smooths off as if he valued only their brilliancy and finish. and forgot that strength and force are essential to poetic harmony and the perfection of metrical style. Notwithstanding this defect, Rogers will be read and admired while the English language continues to be used or spoken in his native islands.

ITALY.

PART 1.

I.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white
  Moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky,
Yet visible, when on my way I went,
Glad to be gone—a pilgrim from the north,
Now more and more attracted as I drew
Nearer and nearer. Ere the artisan,
Drowsy, half-clad, had from his window leant,
With folded arms and listless look to snuff
The morning air, or the caged sky-lark sung,
From his green sod up-springing—but in vain,
His tuneful bill o'erflowing with a song
Old in the days of Homer, and his wings
With transport quivering, on my way I went,
Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut;
As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived,*

*Rosseau.

Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee
Inscribed to consecrate (such virtue dwells
In those small syllables) the narrow street,
His birth-place—when, but one short step too
    late,
He sate him down and wept—wept till the
    morning;
Then rose to go—a wanderer througn the
    world.
   'T is not a tale that every hour brings with it.
Yet at a City-gate, from time to time,
Much might be learnt; and most of all at thine
London—thy hive the busiest, greatest, still
Gathering, enlarging still. Let us stand by,
And note who passes. Here comes one, a
    Youth,
Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious
    power,
A Chatterton—in thought admired, caress'd,
And crown'd like Petrarch in the Capitol;
Ere long to die—to fall by his own hand,
And fester with the vilest. Here come two,
Less feverish, less exalted—soon to part,
A Garrick and a Johnson; Wealth and Fame
Awaiting one—even at the gate, Neglect
And Want the other. But what multitudes,
Urged by the love of change, and, like myself,
Adventurous, carcless of to-morrow's fare,
Press on—though but a rill entering the Sea,
Entering and lost! Our task would never end.
   Day glimmer'd and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffling the Leman Lake. Wave after wave,

If such they might be call'd, dash'd as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sun-beam—where, alone, and as entranced,
Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line,
Fishing in silence. When the heart is light
With hope, all pleases, nothing comes amiss ;
And soon a passage-boat swept gaily by,
Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers,
And many a chanticleer and partlet caged
For Vevay's market-place—a motley group
Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 't was
     gone.
The shifting sail flapp'd idly for an instant,
Then bore them off.
          I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound—as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old
(His name is justly in the Calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,
And, when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate,
Discoursing of the lake, ask'd where it was.
They marvell'd, as they might ; and so must all,
Seeing what now I saw : for now 't was day,
And the bright Sun was in the firmament,
A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
Chequering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont
     Blanc,

Thy seas of ice ana ice-built promontories,
That change their shapes for ever as in sport;
Then travell'd onward, and went down behind
The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up
The woodman's casement, and perchance his
          axe
Borne homeward through the forest in his hand;
And, in some deep and melancholy glen,
That dungeon-fortress never to be named,
Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous
          spirit.
Ah, little did He think, who sent him there,
That he himself, then greatest among men,
Should in like manner be so soon convey'd
Across the ocean—to a rock so small
Amid the countless multitude of waves,
That ships have gone and sought it, and re-
          turn'd,
Saying it was not!
                    Still along the shore,
Among the trees I went for many a mile,
Where damsels sit and weave their fishing-
          nets,
Singing some national song by the way-side.
But now 't was dusk, and journeying by the
          Rhone,
That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
I enter'd where a key unlocks a kingdom,*
The mountains closing, and the road, the river

* St. Maurice.

Filling the narrow pass.   There, till a ray
Glanced through my lattice, and the household-
    stir
Warn'd me to rise, to rise and to depart,
A stir unusual and accompanied
With many a tuning of rude instruments,
And many a laugh that argued coming plea-
    sure,
Mine host's fair daughter for the nuptial rite,
And nuptial feast attiring—there I slept,
And in my dreams wander'd once more, well-
    pleased.
But now a charm was on the rocks, and woods,
And waters ; for, methought, I was with those
I had at morn, at even, wish'd for there.

I.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my
    mule,
That all day long had climb'd among the clouds.
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from Heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopp'd, to the joy of both, at that low door
So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard ;
That door which ever on its hinges moved
To them that knock'd and nightly sends abroad
Ministering Spirits.   Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me

2

All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb,
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toil'd below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand,
While I alighted.
                    Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe contemplating
That House, the highest in the Ancient World,
And placed there for the noblest purposes.
'T was a rude pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of Time and Chance,
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warr'd on for ever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men—when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in con-
          flict.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity ;
The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper-hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
" All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant—move your lips in prayer !"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be call'd, so near to Heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leap'd up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow ;
A star, the only one in that small sky,

On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a
    scene
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As though all worldly ties were now dis-
    solved ;—
And to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in shadow
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wander'd from their way,
Had perish'd miserably. Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;
Their features full of life, yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the barr'd windows. barr'd against
    the wolf,
Are always open !
              But the *Bise* blew cold ;
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine ;
And through the floor came up, an ancient
    matron
Serving unseen below ; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir),
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet

Had changed not. Some were almost in the
          prime ;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as I saw them,
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an
          hour
Of rest,they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children ; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk
Music ; and gathering news from them that
          came,
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow roll'd on in ocean-billows,
When on his face the experienced traveiler
          fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed ; and, sallying with their
          pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. " Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from Heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence
Whose can it be, but his who never err'd ?
Let us to work ! there is no time to lose !—
But who descends Mont Velan ? 'T is La
          Croix.
Away, away ! if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awaken'd,
Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.

Oft has a venerable roof received me;
St. Bruno's once*—where, when the winds
          were hush'd,
Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
You might have heard the mole work under-
          ground,
So great the stillness of that place; none seen,
Save when from rock to rock a hermit cross'd
By some rude bridge—or one at midnight toll'd
To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
Glided along those aisles interminable,
All, all observant of the sacred law
Of silence.   Nor is that sequester'd spot,
Once called "Sweet Waters," now "The
          Shady Vale,"†
To me unknown; that house so rich of old,
So courteous, and by two, that pass'd that
          way,‡
Amply requited with immortal verse,
The Poet's payment.
                    But, among them all,
None can with this compare, the dangerous
          seat
Of generous, active Virtue.   What though
          Frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather—there is that within,

* The Grande Chartreuse.
† Vallombrosa, formerly called Acqua Bella.
‡ Ariosto and Milton.

Which, where it comes, makes Summer ; and
    in thought,
Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
Those from the South ascending, every step
As though it were their last—and instantly
Restored, renew'd, advancing as with songs,
Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag.
That plain, that modest structure, promising
Bread to the hungry, (3) to the weary rest.

III.

THE DESCENT.

My mule refresh'd—and, let the truth be
    told,
He was not of that vile, that scurvy race,
From sire to son lovers of controversy,
But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,
Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Snorting suspicion while with sight, smell,
    touch,
Examining the wet and spongy moss,
And on his haunches sitting to slide down
The steep, the smooth—my mule refresh'd, his
    bells
Gingled once more, the signal to depart,
And we set out in the gray light of dawn,
Descending rapidly—by waterfalls
Fast-frozen, and among huge blocks of ice

That in their long career had stopt mid-way,
At length, uncheck'd, unbidden, he stood still;
And all his bells were muffled. Then my
    Guide,
Lowering his voice, address'd me : " Through
    this Chasm
On and say nothing—for a word, a breath,
Stirring the air, may loosen and bring down
A winter's snow—enough to overwhelm
The horse and foot that, night and day, defiled
Along this path to conquer at Marengo.
Well I remember how I met them here,
As the light died away, and how Napoleon,
Wrapt in his cloak—I could not be deceived—
Rein'd in his horse, and ask'd me, as I pass'd,
How far 't was to St. Remi. Where the rock
Juts forward, and the road, crumbling away,
Narrows almost to nothing at its base,
'T was there; and down along the brink he
    led
To Victory !—Dessaix, who turn'd the scale, (4)
Leaving his life-blood in that famous field
(When the clouds break, we may discern the
    spot
In the blue haze), sleeps, as you saw at
    dawn,
Just as you enter'd, in the Hospital-church."
So saying, for awhile he held his peace,
Awe-struck beneath that dreadful Canopy ;
But soon, the danger pass'd, launch'd forth
    again.

IV.

JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the Hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Said to arise by those who dwell below,
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-
        Spirits.
But other ways had taught him better things;
And now he numbered, marching by my side,
The Savans, Princes, who with him had cross'd
The frozen tract, with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night con-
        versed
In many a chalet round the peak of terror,*
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn and Rosenlau,
And Her, whose throne is inaccessible,†
Who sits, withdrawn, in virgin-majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon an Avalanche
Roll'd its long thunder; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far-down a continent of Ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun,
And with what transport he recall'd the hour
When to deserve, to win his blooming bride,

* The Schrekhorn.   † The Jung-frau.

Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The Upper realms of Frost ; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, enter'd a Grot star-bright,
And gather'd from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals !

              Once, nor long before
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children—breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the Mule
Drew his displeasure) once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg,
He slipp'd, he fell ; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to
        deeper,
Went to the Under-world ! Long-while he lay
Upon his rugged bed—then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever !
For, looking round, he saw or thought he saw
Innumerable branches of a Cavern,
Winding beneath a solid crust of ice ;
With here and there a rent that show'd the
        stars !
What then, alas, was left him but to die ?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself ? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free !
And, rising, he began his dreary round ;
When hark, the noise as of some mighty River

Working its way to light ! Back he withdrew,
But soon reurn'd, and, fearless from despair,
Dash'd down the dismal Channel ; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travell'd incessantly, the craggy roof
Just over-head, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength
Lashing him on. At last the water slept
In a dead lake—at the third step he took,
Unfathomable—and the roof, that long
Had threaten'd, suddenly descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended ; when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to
        Her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged, he swam—and in an instant rose,
The barrier past, in light, in sunshine ! Through
A smiling valley, full of cottages,
Glittering the river ran ; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('t was a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring ; and her face,
Seen behind all, and, varying, as he spoke,
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

    The tale was long, but coming to a close
When his dark eye flash'd fire, and, stopping
        short,

He listen'd and look'd up. I look'd up too;
And twice there came a hiss that through me
    thrill'd !
'T was heard no more. A Chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone.
              But now the thread was broken ;
Love and its joys had vanish'd from his mind ;
And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay,
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stair-case in the ice)
He track'd their footsteps. By a cloud sur-
    prised,
Upon a crag among the precipices,
Where the next step had hurl'd them fifty
    fathoms,
Oft had they stood, lock'd in each other's arms,
All the long night under a freezing sky,
Each guarding each the while from sleeping,
    falling.
Oh, 't was a sport he lov'd dearer than life,
And only would with life itself relinquish !
" My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds.
As for myself," he cried, and he held forth
His wallet in his hand, " this do I call
My winding-sheet—for I shall have no other !"

    And he spoke truth. Within a little month
He lay among these awful solitudes,
('T was on a glacier—half-way up to Heaven)
Taking his final rest. Long did his wife

Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, but he came not!
Long fear to close her eyes, lest in her sleep
(Such their belief) he should appear before her,
Frozen and ghastly pale, or crush'd and bleed-
        ing,
To tell her where he lay, and supplicate
For the last rite! At length the dismal news
Came to her ears, and to her eyes his corse.

V

MARGUERITE DE TOURS.

Now the grey granite, starting through the
        snow,
Discover'd many a variegated moss *
That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
Shadows out capes and islands; and ere long
Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
In lower regions, and delighted drink
The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
With their diminutive leaves cover'd the
        ground.
'T was then, that, turning by an ancient larch,
Shiver'd in two, yet most majestical
With its long level branches, we observed
A human figure sitting on a stone
Far down by the way-side—just where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument (5)

* Lichen Geographicus.

Built in one night, from which the flood beneath,
Raging along, all foam, is seen not heard,
And seen as motionless !
                    Nearer we drew,
And 't was a woman young and delicate,
Wrapt in a russet cloak from head to foot,
Her eyes cast down, her cheek upon her hand
In deepest thought. Young as she was, she
          wore
The matron-cap; and from her shape we
          judged,
As well we might, that it would not be long
Ere she became a mother. Pale she look'd,
Yet cheerful; though, methought, once, if not
          twice,
She wiped away a tear that would be coming :
And in those moments her small hat of straw,
Worn on one side, and garnish'd with a riband
Glittering with gold, but ill conceal'd a face
Not soon to be forgotten. Rising up
On our approach, she journey'd slowly on ;
And my companion, long before we met,
Knew, and ran down to greet her.
                    She was born
(Such was her artless tale, told with fresh tears)
In Val d'Aosta ; and an Alpine stream,
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the Dora, turn'd her father's mill.
There did she blossom till a Valaisan,
A townsman of Martigny, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he held out,
Unwilling to resign her ; and at length,

When the third summer came, they stole a
　　　　match
And fled. The act was sudden; and when far
Away, her spirit had misgivings. Then
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in anger;
And, when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and, burden'd as she was,
Cross'd the high Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfill'd her wish,
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffer'd; but her love
Was strong within her; and right on she went,
Fearing no ill. May all good Angels guard her!
And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours;
Thy sign the silver swan.* Heaven prosper
　　　　Thee!

VI.

THE ALPS.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and
　　　　night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
Of Mountains, stretching on from east to west,

* La Cygne.

So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to Heaven than Earth
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?

To me they seem'd the barriers of a World,
Saying, Thus far, no farther! and as o'er
The level plain I travell'd silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still, oft as I look'd,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er
        me
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft as I look'd, I felt as though it were
For the first time!
                Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared; and the tower'd ele-
        phant
Upturn'd his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallow'd up and lost,
He and his rider.
                Now the scene is changed;
And o'er Mont Cenis, o'er the Simplon winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,

In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it were another, not the same,
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens lock'd up before.

     Not such *my* path !
Mine but for those, who, like Jean Jacques, de-
 light
In dizziness, gazing and shuddering on
Till fascination comes and the brain turns !
Mine, though I judge but from my ague-fits
Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell,
The same as Hannibal's.

     But now 't is past,
That turbulent Chaos ; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness !
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

VII.

COMO.

I LOVE to sail along the Larian Lake
Under the shore—though not to visit Pliny,

To catch him musing in his plane-tree walk,
Or fishing, as he might be, from his window
And, to deal plainly, (may his Shade forgive me!)
Could I recall the ages past, and play
The fool with Time, I should perhaps reserve
My leisure for Catullus on *his* Lake,
Though to fare worse, or Virgil at his farm
A little further on the way to Mantua.
But such things cannot be.   So I sit still,
And let the boatman shift his little sail,
His sail so forked and so swallow-like,
Well-pleased with all that comes.   The morn-
        ing air
Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round
A silvery gleam : and now the purple mists
Rise like a curtain ; now the sun looks out,
Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
This noble amphitheatre of mountains ;
And now appear as on a phosphor-sea
Numberless barks, from Milan, from Pavia ;
Some sailing up, some down, and some at
        anchor,
Lading, unlading at that small port-town
Under the promontory—its tall tower
And long flat roof, just such as Poussin drew,
Caught by a sun-beam slanting through a
        cloud ;
A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
And doubled by reflection.
                        What delight,
After so long a sojourn in the wild,

3

To hear once more the sounds of cheerful labour
—But in a clime like this where are they not
Along the shores, among the hills 't is now
The heyday of the Vintage; all abroad,
But most the young and of the gentler sex,
Busy in gathering; all among the vines,
Some on the ladder, and some underneath,
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work,
While many a canzonet and frolic laugh
Come through the leaves; the vines in light
          festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a cover'd walk,
Hung with black clusters. 'T is enough to
          make
The sad mad merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears—so general is the joy!
While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,
Wains oxen-drawn, and pannier'd mules are
          seen,
Laden with grapes, and dropping rosy wine.

  Here I received from thee, Filippo Mori,
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare!
When, as I rambled through thy vineyard-
          ground
On the hill-side, thou sent'st thy little son,
Charged with a bunch almost as high as he,
To press it on the stranger.
                              May thy vats
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,

Live to become ere-long himself a giver;
And in due time, when thou art full of honour,
The staff of thine old age!
                              In a strange land
Such things, however trifling, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting Good-Will to All.
At least I found it so; nor less at eve,
When, bidden as an English traveller
('T was by a little boat that gave me chase
With oar and sail, as homeward-bound I cross'd
The bay of Tramezzine), right readily
I turn'd my prow and follow'd, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave;
Where, through the trellises and corridors,
Soft music came as from Armida's palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods, the
                              waters;
And through a bright pavilion, bright as day,
Forms such as hers were flitting, lost among
Such as of old in sober pomp swept by,
Such as adorn the triumphs and the feasts
Painted by Cagliari; where the world danced
Under the starry sky, while I look'd on,
Admiring, listening, quaffing gramolata,
And reading, in the eyes that sparkled round
The thousand love-adventures written there.

Can I forget—no, never, such a scene
So full of witchery! Night linger'd still,

When, with a dying breeze, I left Bellaggio;
But the strain follow'd me; and still I saw
Thy smile, Angelica; and still I heard
Thy voice—once and again bidding adieu.

VIII.

BERGAMO.

THE song was one that I had heard before,
But where I knew not. It inclined to sadness;
And turning round from the delicious fare
My landlord's little daughter, Barbara,
Had from her apron just roll'd out before me,
Figs and rock-melons—at the door I saw
Two boys of lively aspect. Peasant-like
They were, and poorly clad, but not unskill'd;
With their small voices and an old guitar
Winning their mazy progress to my heart
In that, the only universal language.
But soon they changed the measure, entering on
A pleasant dialogue of sweet and sour,
A war of words, and waged with looks and
          gestures,
Between Trappanti and his ancient dame,
Mona Lucilia. To and fro it went;
While many a titter on the stairs was heard,
And Barbara's among them.
                              When 't was done,
Their dark eyes flash'd no longer, yet, me-
          thought,
In many a glance as from the soul, express'd

More than enough to serve them. Far or near,
Few let them pass unnoticed; and there was not
A mother round about for many a league,
But could repeat their story. Twins they were,
And orphans, as I learnt, cast on the world;
Their parents lost in the old ferry-boat
That, three years since, last Martinmas, went
    down
Crossing the rough Penacus.*

            May they live
Blameless and happy—rich they cannot be,
Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy, (7)
Came in a beggar's weeds to Petrarch's door,
Crying without, " Give me a lay to sing!"
And soon in silk (such then the power of song)
Return'd to thank him; or like him, wayworn
And lost, who, by the foaming Adigè
Descending from the Tyrol, as night fell,
Knock'd at a city-gate near the hill-foot,
The gate that bore so long, sculptured in stone,
An eagle on a ladder, and at once
Found welcome—nightly in the banner'd hall
Turning his harp to tales of Chivalry
Before the great Mastino, (8) and his guests,
The three-and-twenty, by some adverse fortune,
By war or treason or domestic malice,
Reft of their kingly crowns, reft of their all,
And living on his bounty.

            But who now
Entering the chamber, flourishing a scroll

        * Logo di Garda.

In his right hand, his left at every step
Brushing the floor with what was once a hat
Of ceremony. Gliding on, he comes,
Slipshod, ungarter'd ; his long suit of black
Dingy and threadbare, though renew'd in
          patches
Till it has almost ceased to be the old one.
At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads
"'T is my necessity !" he stops and speaks,
Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face

      " I am a Poet, Signor :—give me leave
To bid you welcome. Though you shrink
          from notice,
The splendour of your name has gone before you,
And Italy from sea to sea rejoices,
As well indeed she may ! But I transgress :
I too have known the weight of praise, and
          ought
To spare another."
                    Saying so, he laid
His sonnet, an impromptu, on my table,
And bow'd and left me ; in his hollow hand
Receiving my small tribute, a zecchino,
Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.

      My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,
" The very best in Bergamo ! had long
Fled from all eyes ; or, like the young Gil Blas
De Santillane, I had perhaps been seen
Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.

IX.

ITALY.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by
    him?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
And not a finger-post by the road-side
" To Mantua"—" To Ferrara"—but excites
Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire
    thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou
    wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
—But why despair? Twice hast thou lived
    already,
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall
    come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal
    spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,

Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike
    again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously
And, dying, left a spendour like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of
    death,
Godlike example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
Since men invoked " By Those in Marathon !"
Awake along the Ægean ; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are
    seen
Moving as once they were—instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valour.

X.

COLL'ALTO.

In this neglected mirror (9) (the broad frame
Of massive silver serves to testify
That many a noble matron of the house
Has sate before it) once, alas, was seen
What led to many sorrows. From that time
The bat came hither for a sleeping-place ;
And he, who cursed another in his heart,

Said, "Be thy dwelling through the day, the
      night,
Shunn'd like Coll'alto." 'T was in that old
      Castle,
Which flanks the cliff with its grey battlements
Flung here and there, and, like an eagle's nest,
Hangs in the Trevisan, that thus the Steward,
Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left
      him,
Address'd me, as we enter'd what was call'd
"My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the
      chairs,
Much yet remain'd of the rich tapestry;
Much of the adventures of Sir Lancelot
In the green glades of some enchanted forest.
The toilet table was of massive silver,
Florentine Art, when Florence was renown'd;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and
      flowers,
And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his Mistress bade him, would unfold
(So said at least the babbling Dame, Tradition)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and
      look'd,
A gleam of day yet lingering in the West,
The Steward went on.
               "She had ('t is now long since)
A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristina,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too;

None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows; and some there were, who
            said,
Some who knew much, discoursing of Cristina,
' She is not what she seems.' When unre-
            quired,
She would steal forth; her custom, her delight,
To wander through and through an ancient grove
Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
Like one in love with sadness; and her veil
And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
Ever as surely as the hours came round,
Among those reverend trees, gave her below
The name of The White Lady. But the day
Is gone, and I delay you.

                            In that chair
The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
Her gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristina,
Combing her golden hair; and, through this
            door
The Count, her lord, was hastening, call'd away
By letters of great urgency to Venice;
When in the glass she saw, as she believed,
('T was an illusion of the Evil Spirit—
Some say he came and cross'd it at the instant)
A smile, a glance at parting, given and an-
            swer'd,
That turn'd her blood to gall. That very night
The deed was done. That night, ere yet the
            Moon
Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
Baying as still he does (oft do I hear him,

An hour and more by the old turret-clock),
They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristina,
Helping her down in her distress—to die.

"No blood was spilt; no instrument of death
Lurk'd—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose;
Nor was a hair of her unblemish'd head
Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower ungather'd,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses play-
          ing,
She was wall'd up within the Castle wall. (10)
The wall itself was hollow'd to receive her;
Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
Would you descend and see it ?—'T is far down;
And many a stair is gone. 'T is in a vault
Under the Chapel: and there nightly now,
As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
And as though nothing had been done or
          thought of,
The stone-work rose before her, till the light
Glimmer'd and went—there, nightly, at that hour
(You smile, and would it were an idle tale!
Would we could say so!) at that hour she stands
Shuddering—her eyes uplifted, and her hands
Join'd as in prayer; then, like a Blessed Soul
Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
Flies o'er the woods, the mountains. Issuing
          forth, (11)
The hunter meets her in his hunting track;
The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
(For still she bears the name she bore of old)
''T is the White Lady'!"

XI.

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd
  ·them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, and in a wondrous Ark,
(That, long before we slipt our cable, rang
As with the voices of all living things)
From Padua, where the stars are, night by
  night,
Watch'd from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezze-
  lin—(12)
Not as he watch'd them, when he read his fate
And shudder'd. But of him I thought not then,

Him or his horoscope; far, far from me
The forms of Guilt and Fear; though some
        were there,
Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood
        enough!"
And could shake long at shadows. They had
        play'd
Their parts at Padua, and were now returning;
A vagrant crew, and careless of to-morrow,
Careless and full of mirth. Who, in that quaver,
Sings "Caro, Caro?"—'T is the Prima Donna,
And to her monkey, smiling in his face,
Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora?"
'T is a grave personage, an old macaw,
Perch'd on her shoulder. But mark him who
        leaps
Ashore, and with a shout urges along
The lagging mules; (13) then runs and climbs a
        tree
That with its branches overhangs the stream,
And, like an acorn, drops on deck again.
'T is he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.(14)
And mark their Poet—with what emphasis
He prompts the young Soubrette, conning her
        part!
Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box,
And prompts again; for ever looking round
As if in search of subjects for his wit,
His satire; and as often whispering
Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.

Had I thy pencil, Crabbe, (when thou hast
    done,—
Late may it be—it will, like Prospero's staff,
Be buried fifty fathoms in the earth),
I would portray the Italian—Now I cannot.
Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, for ever in extremes;
Gentle when unprovoked, easily won,
But quick in quarrel—through a thousand shades
His spirit flits, chameleon-like; and mocks
The eye of the observer.
                  Gliding on,
At length we leave the river for the sea.
At length a voice aloft proclaims " Venezia!"
And, as call'd forth, it comes.
                  A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was,*
That the grass grew not where his horse had
    trod,
Gave birth to Venice.   Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And, where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north, the south; where· they
    that came,
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,
A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorn'd;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

* Attila.

And whence the talisman, by which she rose,
Towering? 'T was found there in the barren
    sea.
Want led to Enterprise; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian?—now in Cairo;
Ere yet the Califa came, (15) listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,
In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,
The Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from
    Bagdad
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering
    round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw display'd,
Treasures from unknown climes, away he
    went,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere-long
From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the Imperial City of the East,
Herself, his tributary.
              If we turn
To the black forests of the Rhine, the Danube,
Where o'er each narrow glen a castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hunger'd at his door,
The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,
In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice;
When on its march, now lost and now emerging,
A glittering file, the trumpet heard, the scout
Sent and recall'd—but at a city-gate
All gaiety, and look'd for ere it comes;

Winning its way with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charle-
        main,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The Wonders of the East ! Well might they
        then
Sigh for new Conquests !

                        Thus did Venice rise
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel open'd, and the golden stream
Turn'd to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;
She who had stood yet longer than the longest
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last trace of civilized life—to where
Light shone again, and with unclouded splen-
        dour

    Though many an age in the mid-sea She
        dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the Earth, herself unchanged.
Before her pass'd, as in an awful dream,

The mightiest of the mighty.   What are these,
Clothed in their purple?   O'er the globe they
      fling
Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we
      speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
What—but the last that styled themselves the
      Cæsars?
And who in long array (look where they
      come;
Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
Who—but the Caliphs? follow'd fast by shapes
As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and
      Czar,
And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-
      clad;
Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
In light and gay attire, with brow serene
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous
      fire
Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
Lo, one by one, passing continually,
Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
That can alone, as he would signify,
Unlock Heaven's gate.

4

XII.

LUIGI.

HE who is on his travels and loves ease,
Ease and companionship, should hire a youth,
Such as thou wert, Luigi. Thee I found,
Playing at Mora (16) on the cabin-roof
With Pulcinella—crying, as in wrath,
"Tre! Quattro! Cinque!"—'t is a game to
        strike
Fire from the coldest heart. What then from
        thine
And, ere the twentieth throw, I had resolved,
Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad;
Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.
Had it depended on thy will and pleasure,
Thou wouldst have number'd in thy family
At least six Doges and twelve Procurators. (17)
But that was not to be. In thee I saw
The last of a long line of Carbonari,
Who in their forest, for three hundred years,
Had lived and labour'd, cutting, charring wood;
Discovering where they were, to those astray,
By the re-echoing stroke, the crash, the fall,
Or the blue wreath that travell'd slowly up
Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies
Led thee away to justle in the crowd;
And there I found thee—by thy own prescrip-
        tion
Crossing the sea to try once more a change
Of air and diet, landing and as gaily,

Near the Dogana—on the Great Canal,
As though thou knewest where to dine and
.   sleep.

First did thou practise patience at Bologna,
Serving behind a Cardinal's gouty chair,
Laughing at jests that were no laughing matter;
Then teach the Art to others in Ferrara
—At the Three Moors—as Guide, as Cice-
rone—
Dealing out largely in exchange for pence
Thy scraps of knowledge—through the grassy
street
Leading, explaining—pointing to the bars
Of Tasso's dungeon, and the Latin verse,
Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door
Of Ariosto.
        Many a year is gone
Since on the Rhine we parted; yet, methinks,
I can recall thee to the life, Luigi;
In our long journey ever by my side,
O'er rough and smooth, o'er apennine, marem-
ma;
Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face
Open as day and full of manly daring.
Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,
Herdsman or pedlar, monk or muleteer;
And few there were, that met thee not with
smiles.
Mishap pass'd o'er thee like a summer-cloud.
Cares thou hadst none; and they, who stood to
hear thee,

Caught the infection and forgot their own.
Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,
Her happiest—not a speck was in the sky;
And at thy birth the cricket chirp'd, Luigi,
Thine a perpetual voice—at every turn
A larum to the echo.   In a clime,
Where all the world was gay, thou wert the
        gayest,
And, like a babe, hush'd only by thy slumbers,
Up hill and down, morning and noon and night,
Singing or talking; singing to thyself
When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.

XIII.

ST. MARK'S PLACE.

OVER how many tracts, vast, measureless,
Nothing from day to day, from year to year,
Passes, save now and then a cloud, a meteor,
A famish'd eagle ranging for his prey;
While on this spot of earth, the work of man,
How much has been transacted!   Emperors,
        Popes,
Warriors, from far and wide, laden with spoil,
Landing, have here perform'd their several parts,
Then left the stage to others.   Not a stone
In the broad pavement, but to him who has
An eye, an ear for the Inanimate World,
Tells of Past Ages.
                    In that temple-porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains), (18)
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,

And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud Pontiff (19)—thus at last consoled
For flight, disguise, and many an aguish shake
On his stone pillow.   In that temple-porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind—his eyes put out—did Dandolo
Stand forth, displaying on his ducal crown
The cross just then assumed at the high altar.
There did he stand, erect, invincible,
Though wan his cheeks, and wet with many
                 tears,
For in his prayers he had been weeping much ;
And now the pilgrims and the people wept
With admiration, saying in their hearts,
"Surely those aged limbs have need of rest !"
—There did he stand, with his old armour on,
Ere, gonfalon in hand, that stream'd aloft,
As conscious of its glorious destiny,
So soon to float o'er mosque and minaret,
He sail'd away, five hundred gallant ships,
Their lofty sides hung with emblazon'd shields,
Following his track to Glory. He returned not ;
But of his trophies four arrived ere-long,
Snatch'd from destruction—the four steeds di-
                 vine,
That strike the ground, resounding with their
                 feet,
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very portal—in the place
Where in an after-time Petrarch was seen
Sitting beside the Doge, on his right hand,
Amid the ladies of the court of Venice,

Their beauty shaded from the setting sun
By many-colour'd hangings ; while, beneath,
Knights of all nations, some from merry En-
    gland, (20)
Their lances in the rest, charged for the prize.

Here, among other pageants, and how oft
It came, as if returning to console
The least, instruct the greatest, did the Doge,
Himself, go round, borne through the gazing
    crowd,
Once in a chair of state, once on his bier.
They were his first appearance, and his last.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
Changed not so fast for many and many an age,
As this small spot. To-day 't was full of
    maskers ;
And lo, the madness of the Carnival, (21)
The monk, the nun, the holy legate mask'd !
To-morrow came the scaffold and the heads-
    man ;
And he died there by torch-light, bound and
    gagg'd,
Whose name and crime they knew not. Un-
    derneath
Where the Archangel turning with the wind,
Blesses the City from the topmost-tower,
His arms extended—there continually
Two phantom-shapes were sitting, side by side,
Or up, and, as in sport, chasing each other ;
Horror and Mirth. Both vanish'd in one hour !

But Ocean only, when again he claims
His ancient rule, shall wash away their footsteps.

Enter the Palace by the marble stairs*
Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero
Roll'd from the block. Pass onward through
    the Chamber,
Where, among all drawn in their ducal robes,
But one is wanting—where, thrown off in heat,
A short inscription on the Doge's chair
Led to another on the wall yet shorter;
And thou wilt track them—wilt from halls of
    state
Where kings have feasted, and the festal song
Rung through the fretted roof, cedar and gold,
Step into darkness; and be told, " 'T was here,
Trusting, deceived, assembled but to die,
To take a long embrace and part again,
Carrara and his valient sons were strangled;
He first—then they, whose only crime had been
Struggling to save their Father.—Through that
    door
So soon to cry, smiting his brow, " I 'm lost!"
Was shown, and with all courtesy, all honour,
The great and noble captain, Carmagnola.—
That deep descent (thou canst not yet discern
Aught as it is) leads to the dripping vaults
Under the flood, where light and warmth came
    never!
Leads to a cover'd Bridge, the Bridge of Sighs;
And to that fatal closet at the foot,

* Scala de' Giganti.

Lurking for prey, which, when a victim enter'd,
Grew less and less, contracting to a span;
An iron door, urged onward by a screw,
Forcing out life.—But let us to the roof,
And, when thou hast survey'd the sea, the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
As in a place of tombs. They had their tenants,
And each supplied with sufferings of his own.
There burning suns beat unrelentingly,
Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
Answering each other as in mockery!
—Few Houses of the size were better fill'd;
Though many came and left it in an hour.
" Most nights," so said the good old Nicolo
(For three-and-thirty years his uncle kept
The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
Though much was on his mind), " most nights
          arrived
The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
And bore away as to the Lower World,
Disburdening in the Canal Orfano, (22)
That drowning-place, where never net was
          thrown,
Summer or Winter, death the penalty;
And where a secret, once deposited,
Lay till the waters should give up their dead."

Yet what so gay as Venice ? Every gale
Breathed heavenly music ! and who flock'd not
          thither

To celebrate her Nuptials with the Sea?
To wear the mask, and mingle in the crowd
With Greek, Armenian, Persian—night and
  day
(There, and there only, did the hour stand still)
Pursuing through her thousand labyrinths
The Enchantress Pleasure ; realizing dreams
The earliest, happiest—for a tale to catch
Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
Had only to begin, " There lived in Venice."—

  " Who were the Six we supp'd with yester-
    night ?"
" Kings, one and all! Thou couldst not but
    remark
The style and manner of the Six that served
    them."

  " Who answer'd me just now ? Who, when
    I said,
' 'T is nine,' turn'd round and said so solemnly,
' Signor, he died at nine!' "—" 'T was the
    Armenian ;
The mask that follows thee, go where thou
    wilt."

  " But who stands there, alone among them
    all ?"
" The Cypriot. Ministers from foreign courts
Beset his doors, long ere his hour of rising ;
His the Great Secret! Not the golden house
Of Nero, or those fabled in the East,

As wrought by magic, half so rich as his !
Two dogs, coal-black, in collars of pure gold,
Walk in his footsteps—Who but his familiars ?
He casts no shadow, nor is seen to smile !"

Such their discourse. Assembling in St.
        Mark's,
All Nations met as on enchanted ground !

  What though a strange, mysterious Power
        was there,
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed ;
A Power that never slumber'd, never pardon'd,
All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere, (23)
Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
No place of refuge for the Doge himself ;
Most present when least thought of—nothing
        dropt
In secret, when the heart was on the lips,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged—a Power, that if but
        glanced at
In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lower'd at once his eyes, his voice,
And pointed upward, as to God in Heaven—
What though that Power was there, he who
        lived thus,
Pursuing Pleasure, lived as if it were not,
But let him in the midnight-air indulge
A word, a thought against the laws of Venice,
And in that hour he vanish'd from the earth !

XIV.

THE GONDOLA.

Boy, call the Gondola; the sun is set.
It came, and we embark'd; but instantly,
Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
From time to time I waked her; but the boat
Rock'd her to sleep again.
              The moon was up,
But broken by a cloud. The wind was hush'd,
And the sea mirror-like. A single zephyr
Play'd with her tresses, and drew more and
     more
Her veil across her bosom.
             Long I lay
Contemplating that face so beautiful,
That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with
     smiles,
That neck but half-concealed, whiter than snow.
'T was the sweet slumber of her early age.
I look'd and look'd, and felt a flush of joy
I would express, but cannot.
             Oft I wish'd
Gently—by stealth—to drop asleep myself,
And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
'T was all in vain. Love would not let me rest.

But how delightful when at length she waked!
When, her light hair adjusting, and her veil

So rudely scatter'd, she resumed her place
Beside me; and, as gaily as before,
Sitting unconsciously nearer and nearer,
Pour'd out her innocent mind!

                So, nor long since,
Sung a Venetian: and his lay of love,
Dangerous and sweet, charm'd Venice. As
    for me
(Less fortunate, if Love be Happiness)
No curtain drawn, no pulse beating alarm,
I went alone under the silent moon;
Thy place, St. Mark, thy churches, palaces,
Glittering, and frost-like, and as day drew on,
Melting away, an emblem of themselves.

   Those porches pass'd through which the
     water-breeze
Plays, though no longer on the noble forms
That moved there, sable-vested—and the Quay,
Silent, grass-grown—adventurer-like I launch'd
Into the deep, ere-long discovering
Isles such as cluster in the Southern seas,
All verdure. Everywhere, from bush and brake,
The musky odour of the serpents came;
Their slimy track across the woodman's path
Bright in the moonshine: and, as round I went,
Dreaming of Greece, whither the waves were
    gliding,
I listen'd to the venerable pines
Then in close converse; and, if right I guess'd,
Delivering many a message to the Winds
In secret, for their kindred on Mount Ida.

Nor when again in Venice, when again
In that strange place, so stirring and so still,
Where nothing comes to drown the human
    voice
But music, or the dashing of the tide,
Ceased I to wander. Now a Jessica
Sung to her lute, her signal as she sate
At her half-open window. Then, methought,
A serenade broke silence, breathing hope
Through walls of stone, and torturing the proud
    heart
Of some Priuli. Once, we could not err,
(It was before an old Palladian house,
As between night and day we floated by),
A Gondolier lay singing ; and he sung
As in the time when Venice was herself, (24)
Of Tancred and Erminia. On our oars
We rested ; and the verse was verse divine !
We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—
For none took up the strain, none answer'd him ;
And when he ceased, he left upon my ear
A something like the dying voice of Venice.

The moon went down ; and nothing now was
    seen
Save here and there the lamp of a Madonna,
Glimmering—or heard, but when he spoke,
    who stood
Over the lantern at the prow, and cried,
Turning the corner of some reverend pile,
Some school or hospital of old renown,

Though haply none were coming, none **were**
        near,
" Hasten or slacken." *

                    But at length Night fled ;
And with her fled, scattering, the sons of Plea-
        sure.
Star after star shot by, or, meteor-like,
Cross'd me and vanish'd—lost at once among
Those hundred Isles that tower majestically,
That rise abruptly from the water-mark,
Not with rough crag, but marble, and the work
Of noblest architects. I linger'd still ;
Nor struck my threshold, till the hour was come
And past, when, flitting home in the grey light,
The young Bianca found her father's door, (25)
That door so often with a trembling hand,
So often—then so lately left ajar,
Shut ; and, all terror, all perplexity,
Now by her lover urged, now by her love,
Fled o'er the waters to return no more.

XV.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

IT was St. Mary's Eve, and all pour'd forth
As to some grand solemnity. The fisher
Came from his islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one ; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, along the Po, the Brenta,
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived ;

* Premi o sta.

And in his straw the prisoner turn'd and listen'd,
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Throng'd her three hundred bridges; the grave
    Turk,
Turban'd, long-vested, and the cozening Jew,
In yellow hat and threadbare gaberdine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the State,
They of Patrician birth, the flower of Venice,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon, a distant murmur through the
    crowd,
Rising and rolling on, announced their coming;
And never from the first was to be seen
Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two
('The richest tapestry unroll'd before them),
First came the Brides in all their loveliness;
Each in her veil, and by two bride-maids fol-
    low'd,
Only less lovely, who behind her bore
The precious caskets that within contain'd
The dowry and the presents. On she moved,
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,
Fell from beneath a starry diadem;
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst;
A jewell'd chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the Church,
That venerable Pile on the sea-brink,
Another train they met, no strangers to them,
Brothers to some, and to the rest still dearer;
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
And, as he walk'd, with modest dignity
Folding his scarlet mantle, his tabarro.

They join, they enter in, and, up the aisle
Led by the full-voiced choir in bright proces-
        sion,
Range round the altar. In his vestments there
The Patriarch stands; and, while the anthem
        flows,
Who can look on unmoved?—mothers in secret
Rejoicing in the beauty of their daughters,
Sons in the thought of making them their own;
And they—array'd in youth and innocence,
Their beauty heighten'd by their hopes and
        fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down
In earnest prayer, all of all ranks together;
And, stretching out his hands, the holy man
Proceeds to give the general benediction;
When hark, a din of voices from without
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle
And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,
And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep,
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barbarigo,
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold! Statue-like,

Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike;
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now?—plowing the distant
    waves
Their sails all set, and they upon the deck
Standing triumphant. To the east they go,
Steering for Istria; their accursed barks
(Well are they known, the galliot and the
    galley),
Freighted with all that gives to life its value!
The richest argosies were poor to them!

Now might you see the matrons running wild
Along the beach; the men half-arm'd and
    arming,
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
One with an axe hewing the mooring-chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
Lying at anchor near the Arsenal;
Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
To slay or to be slain.
                        And from the tower
The watchman gives the signal. In the East
                        5

A ship is seen, and making for the Port;
Her flag St. Mark's.—And now she turns the
    point,
Over the waters like a sea-bird flying!
Ha, 't is the same, 't is theirs! from stern to
    prow
Hung with green boughs, she comes, she comes,
    restoring
All that was lost.

           Coasting, with narrow search,
Friuli—like a tiger in his spring,
They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay
Sharing the spoil in blind security
And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,
All to the last, and flung them far and wide
Into the sea, their proper element;
Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
Had hush'd the babes of Venice, and who yet,
Breathing a little, in his look remain'd
The fierceness of his soul.

           Thus were the Brides
Lost and recover'd; and what now remain'd
But to give thanks? Twelve breast plates and
    twelve crowns,
Flaming with gems and gold, the votive offer-
    ings
Of the young victors to their Patron-Saint,
Vow'd on the field of battle, were ere-long
Laid at his feet; (26) and to preserve for ever
The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,

'T was held religiously with all observance.
The Doge resign'd his crimson for pure ermine;
And through the city in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne, with songs and sympho-
            nies,
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they
            were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnish'd throne, they glided by;
No window or balcony but adorn'd
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But cover'd with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto to the Ducal Palace,
And at a banquet there, served with due honour,
Sate representing, in the eyes of all,
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of Venice.

XVI.

FOSCARI.

LET us lift up the curtain, and observe,
What passes in that chamber. Now a sigh,
And now a groan, is heard. Then all is still.
Twenty are sitting as in judgment there;
Men who have served their country, and grown
            grey
In governments and distant embassies,
Men eminent alike in war and peace;

Such as in effigy shall long adorn
The walls of Venice—to show what she **has
been**!
Their garb is black, and black the arras is,
And sad the general aspect. Yet their looks
Are calm, are cheerful; nothing there like grief,
Nothing or harsh or cruel. Still that noise,
That low and dismal moaning.

      Half withdrawn,
A little to the left, sits one in crimson,
A venerable man, fourscore and upward.
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrow'd brow.
His hands are clench'd; his eyes half-shut and
  glazed;
His shrunk and wither'd limbs rigid as marble.
'T is Foscari, the Doge. And there is one,
A young man, lying at his feet, stretch'd out
In torture. 'T is his son, his only one;
'T is Giacomo, the blessing of his age,
(Say, has he lived for this?) accused of murder,
The murder of the Senator Donato.
Last night the proofs, if proofs they are, were
  dropt
Into the lion's mouth, the mouth of brass,
That gapes and gorges; and the Doge himself
Must sit and look on a beloved Son
Suffering the Question.

      Twice, to die in peace
To save a falling house, and turn the hearts
Of his fell Adversaries, those who now,
Like hell-hounds in full cry, are running down
His last of four, twice did he ask their leave

To lay aside the Crown, and they refused him,
An oath exacting, never more to ask it;
And there he sits, a spectacle of woe,
By them, his rivals in the State, compell'd,
Such the refinement of their cruelty,
To keep the place he sigh'd for.

       Once again
The screw is turn'd; and, as it turns, the Son
Looks up, and, in a faint and broken accent,
Murmurs " My Father!" The old man shrinks
   back
And in his mantle muffles up his face.
" Art thou not guilty?" says a voice, that once
Would greet the Sufferer long before they met,
And on his ear strike like a pleasant music—
" Art thou not guilty?"—" No! Indeed I am
   not!"
But all is unavailing. In that Court
Groans are confessions; Patience, Fortitude,
The work of Magic; and, released, upheld,
For Condemnation, from his Father's lips
He hears the sentence, " Banishment to Candia:
Death, if he leaves it."

       And the bark sets sail;
And he is gone from all he loves—for ever!
His wife, his boys, and his disconsolate parents!
Gone in the dead of night—unseen of any—
Without a word, a look of tenderness,
To be call'd up, when, in his lonely hours
He would indulge in weeping.

       Like a ghost,
Day after day, year after year, he haunts

An ancient rampart, that o'erhangs the sea;
Gazing on vacancy, and hourly starting
To answer to the watch——Alas, how changed
From him, the mirror of the Youth of Venice,
In whom the slightest thing, or whim or chance,
Did he but wear his doublet so and so,
All follow'd; at whose nuptials, when at length
He won that maid at once the fairest, noblest, (27)
A daughter of the House of Contarini,
That House as old as Venice, now among
Its ancestors in monumental brass
Numbering eight Doges—to convey her home,
The Bùcentaur went forth; and thrice the Sun
Shone on the Chivalry, that, front to front,
And blaze on blaze reflecting, met and ranged
To tournay in St. Mark's.

                But lo, at last,
Messengers come. He is recall'd: his heart
Leaps at the tidings. He embarks; the boat
Springs to the oar, and back again he goes—
Into that very Chamber! there to lie
In his old resting-place, the bed of torture;
And thence look up (five long, long years of
        Grief
Have not killed either) on his wretched Sire,
Still in that seat—as though he had not left it,
Immovable, enveloped in his mantle.

But now he comes, convicted of a crime
Great by the laws of Venice. Night and day,
Brooding on what he had been, what he was,
'T was more than he could bear. His longing fits

Thicken'd upon him. His desire for home
Became a madness ; and, resolved to go,
If but to die, in his despair he writes
A letter to Francesco, Duke of Milan,
Soliciting his influence with the State,
And drops it to be found.—" Would ye know
    all ?
I have transgress'd, offended wilfully ; (28)
And am prepared to suffer as I ought.
But let me, let me, if but for an instant
(Ye must consent—for all of you are sons,
Most of you husbands, fathers), let me first
Indulge the natural feelings of a man,
And, ere I die, if such my sentence be,
Press to my heart ('t is all I ask of you)
My wife, my children—and my aged mother—
Say, is she yet alive ?"
                   He is condemn'd
To go ere set of sun, go whence he came,
A banish'd man—and for a year to breathe
The vapour of a dungeon.—But his prayer
(What could they less ?) is granted.
                      In a hall
Open and crowded by the common rabble,
'T was there a trembling Wife and her four Sons
Yet young, a Mother, borne along, bedridden,
And an old Doge, mustering up all his strength,
That strength how small ! assembled now to
    meet
One so long lost, long mourn'd, one who for them
Had braved so much—death, and yet worse than
    death—

To meet him, and to part with him for ever!

Time and their heavy wrongs had changed
        them all;
Him most! Yet when the Wife, the Mother
        look'd
Again, 't was he himself, 't was Giacomo,
Their only hope, and trust, and consolation!
And all clung round him, weeping bitterly;
Weeping the more, because they wept in vain.

Unnerved, unsettled in his mind from long
And exquisite pain, he sobs aloud and cries
Kissing the old man's cheek, "Help me, my
        Father!
Let me, I pray thee, live once more among you:
Let me go home."—"My Son," returns the
        Doge,
Mastering awhile his grief, "if I may still
Call thee my Son, if thou art innocent,
As I would fain believe," but, as he speaks,
He falls, "submit without a murmur."

                                    Night,
That to the World brought revelry, to them
Brought only food for sorrow. Giacomo
Embark'd—to die; sent to an early grave
For thee, Erizzo, whose death-bed confession,
"He is most innocent! 'T was I who did it!"
Came when he slept in peace. The ship, that
        sail'd
Swift as the winds with his recall to Honour,
Bore back a lifeless corse. Generous as brave

Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As was his daily bread ;—and to become
A byword in the meanest mouths of Venice,
Bringing a stain on those who gave him life,
On those, alas, now worse than fatherless—
To be proclaim'd a ruffian, a night-stabber,
He on whom none before had breathed re-
        proach—
He lived but to disprove it.   That hope lost,
Death follow'd.   From the hour he went, he
        spoke not ;
And in his dungeon, when he laid him down,
He sunk to rise no more.   Oh, if there be
Justice in Heaven, and we are assured there is,
A day must come of ample Retribution !

    Then was thy cup, old Man, full to o'erflowing.
But thou wert yet alive ; and there was one,
The soul and spring of all that Enmity,
Who would not leave thee ; fastening on thy
        flank,
Hungering and thirsting, still unsatisfied ;
One of a name illustrious as thine own !
One of the Ten ! one of the Invisible Three ! (29)
'T was Loredano.
                    When the whelps were gone,
He would dislodge the Lion from his den ;
And, leading on the pack he long had led,
The miserable pack that ever howl'd
Against fallen Greatness, moved that Foscari
Be Doge no longer ; urging his great age,

His incapacity and nothingness ;
Calling a Father's sorrows in his chamber
Neglect of duty, anger, contumacy.
" I am most willing to retire," said Foscari :
" But I have sworn, and cannot of myself
Do with me as ye please."

                He was deposed,
He, who had reign'd so long and gloriously ;
His ducal bonnet taken from his brow,
His robes stript off, his ring, that ancient symbol,
Broken before him.   But now nothing moved
The meekness of his soul.   All things alike !
Among the six that came with the decree,
Foscari saw one he knew not, and inquired
His name.   " I am the son of Marco Memmo."
" Ah," he replied, " thy father was my friend."

And now he goes.   " It is the hour and past.
I have no business here."—" But wilt thou not
Avoid the gazing crowd ? That way is private."
" No ! as I enter'd, so will I retire."
And, leaning on his staff, he left the Palace,
His residence for four-and-thirty years,
By the same staircase he came up in splendour,
The staircase of the Giants.   Turning round,
When in the court below, he stopt and said
" My merits brought me hither.   I depart,
Driven by the malice of my Enemies."
Then through the crowd withdrew, poor as ne
       came
And in his gondola went off, unfollow'd
But by the sighs of them that dared not speak.

This journey was his last. When the bell
          rang
Next day, announcing a new Doge to Venice,
It found him on his knees before the altar,
Clasping his aged hands in earnest prayer;
And there he died. Ere half its task was done,
It rang his knell.
                    But whence the deadly hate
That caused all this—the hate of Loredano?
It was a legacy his Father left him,
Who, but for Foscari, had reign'd in Venice,
And, like the venom in the serpent's bag,
Gather'd and grew! Nothing but turn'd to
          venom!
In vain did Foscari sue for peace, for friendship,
Offering in marraige his fair Isabel.
He changed not; with a dreadful piety,
Studying revenge! listening alone to those
Who talk'd of vengeance; grasping by the hand
Those in their zeal (and none, alas, were want-
          ing)
Who came to tell him of another Wrong,
Done or imagined. When his father died,
'T was whisper'd in his ear, "He died by
          poison!"
He wrote it on the tomb ('t is there in marble)
And in his ledger-book—among his debt
          ors—
Enter'd the name "FRANCESCO FOSCARI,"
And added, "For the murder of my Father."
Leaving a blank—to be fill'd up hereafter.
When Foscari's noble heart at length gave way,

He took the volume from the shelf again
Calmly, and with his pen fill'd up the blank,
Inscribing, "He has paid me."

                  Ye who sit,
Brooding from day to day, from day to day
Chewing the bitter cud, and starting up
As though the hour was come to whet your
       fangs,
And, like the Pisan,* gnaw the hairy scalp
Of him who had offended—if ye must,
Sit and brood on; but oh! forbear to teach
The lesson to your children.

XVII.

ARQUA.

THERE is, within three leagues and less of
       Padua
(The Paduan student knows it, honours it),
A lonely tomb-stone in a mountain-churchyard,
And I arrived there as the sun declined
Low in the west. The gentle airs, that breathe
Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds
Singing their farewell song—the very song
They sung the night that tomb received a
       tenant;
When, as alive, clothed in his Canon's habit,
And, slowly winding down the narrow path
He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,
Princes and prelates mingled in his train,
Anxious by any act, while yet they could,

* Count Ugolino.

To catch a ray of glory by reflection;
And from that hour have kindred spirits flock'd
From distant countries, from the north, the
          south,
To see where he is laid.
                            Twelve years ago,
When I descended the impetuous Rhone,
Its vineyards of such great and old renown,
Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
Vanishing fast—the pilot at the stern,
He who had steer'd so long, standing aloft,
His eyes on the white breakers, and his hands
On what at once served him for oar and rudder,
A huge misshapen plank—the bark itself
Frail and uncouth, launch'd to return no more,
Such as a shipwreck'd man might hope to build,
Urged by the love of home—when I descended
Two long, long days' silence, suspense on board,
It was to offer at thy fount, Valclusa,
Entering the arched Cave, to wander where
Petrarch had wander'd, in a trance to sit
Where in his peasant-dress he loved to sit,
Musing, reciting—on some rock moss-grown,
Or the fantastic root of some old fig tree,
That drinks the living waters as they stream
Over their emerald-bed; and could I now
Neglect to visit Arqua, (30) where, at last,
When he had done and settled with the world,
When all the illusions of his Youth were fled,
Indulged perhaps too long, cherish'd too fondly,
He came for the conclusion? Half-way up

He built his house, (31) whence as by stealth
    he caught
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,
That soothed, not stirr'd.—But knock, and en-
    ter in.
This was his chamber. 'T is as when he left it;
As if he now were busy in his garden.
And this his closet. Here he sate and read.
This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
He pass'd away as in a quiet slumber.

Peace to this region! Peace to all who dwell
    here:
They know his value—every coming step,
That gathers round the children from their play,
Would tell them if they knew not.—But could
    aught,
Ungentle or ungenerous, spring up
Where he is sleeping; where, and in an age
Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,
He cultured all that could refine, exalt;
Leading to better things?

XVIII.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
Where among other trophies may be seen
Tassoni's bucket (in its chain it hangs,
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),

Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini,
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family ;
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said " Beware !" her vest of
          gold
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head
          to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.
                     But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody !
                       Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,

But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture-stor¦es from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me
                there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial Feast,
When all sate down, the Bride herself was
                wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,
" 'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,

Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guess'd,
But that she was not!
                Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not
    what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was
    said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
" Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
" Ginevra."
            There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,

6

Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!

XIX.

BOLOGNA.

'T was night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and
    fear
Sent round his cap; and he who thrumm'd his
    wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive
    strain
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand cries,*
So well portray'd and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swell'd the hubbub in his
    youth,
Were hush'd, Bologna; silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of fleet
    hoofs!
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stain'd with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'T was where hangs aloft

* See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Car-
racci. He was of very humble origin; and, to correct his
brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father,
the tailor, threading his needle.

That ancient sign, the pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage : and now approach'd
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came ;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master—one long used
To sojourn among strangers, everywhere
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius ; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and, 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate Spirit.

                    Much had pass'd
Since last we parted ; and those five short
    years—
Much had they told ! His clustering locks
    were turn'd
Grey ; Nor did aught recall the Youth that
    swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet ; still from his eye the thought
Flash'd lightning-like, nor linger'd on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sate, conversing—no unwelcome hour,
The hour we met ; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

Well I remember how the golden sun
Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable gulfs,
As on we travell'd, and along the ridge,
'Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild fig,
His motley household came—Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice, had so ably, zealously
Served, and, at parting, flung his oar away
To follow through the world ; who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,*
The gondolier's, in a Patrician House
Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last nor least,
Thou, though declining in thy beauty and
            strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of Missolonghi
Howling in grief.

          He had just left that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,†
Ravenna ; where, from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,‡
Drawn inspiration ; where, at twilight time,
Through the pine-forest wandering with loose
            rein,
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld ‖

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* The principal gondolier, il fante di poppa, was almost
always in the confidence of his master, and employed on
occasions that required judgment and address.
   † Adrianum mare.—*Cic.* ‡ See the Prophecy of *Dante.*
   See the tale as told by *Boccaccio* and *Dryden.*

(What is not visible to a Poet's eye?)
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds, and their
        prey,
The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
Suddenly blasted. 'T was a theme he loved,
But others claim'd their turn; and many a
        tower,
Shatter'd, uprooted from its native rock,
Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
Appear'd and vanish'd (many a sturdy steer *
Yoked and unyoked), while as in happier days
He pour'd his spirit forth. The past forgot,
All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
Present or future.
                        He is now at rest;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplish'd; dying in the land

* They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of
every hill.

Where thy young mind had caught ethereal **fire,**
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

. They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourn'd,
Changing her festal for her funeral song;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleam'd on what remain'd of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

                Thou art gone;
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert—even from thine earliest
       years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting. pressing, and to lips like thine
Her charmed cup—ah, who among us all
Could say he had not err'd as much, and more?

XX.

FLORENCE.

Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None are so fair as Florence. 'T is a gem
Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket!
And what a glorious lustre did it shed,
When it emerged from darkness! Search
      within,

Without, all is enchantment! 'T is the past
Contending with the present; and in turn
Each has the mastery.

     In this chapel wrought (32)
Massaccio; and he slumbers underneath.
Wouldst thou behold his monument? Look
  round!
And know that where we stand, stood oft and
  long
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself,
He and his haughty Rival—patiently,
Humbly, to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their authentic fire,
Theirs, who first broke the gloom, Sons of the
  Morning.

There, on the seat that runs along the wall,
South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower
(Thou canst not miss it), in the sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing, and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assign'd at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world,
To some an upper, some a lower region;
Reserving in his secret mind a niche
For thee, Saltrello, who with quirks of law
Hadst plagued him sore, and carefully requi-
  ting
Such as ere-long condemn'd his mortal part
To fire. (33) Sit down awhile--then by the
  gates
Wondrously wrought, so beautiful, so glorious,

That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,
Enter the Baptistery. That place he loved,
Calling it his! And in his visits there
Well might he take delight! For, when a child,
Playing, with venturous feet, near and yet
          nearer
One of the fonts, fell in, he flew and saved him,
Flew with an energy, a violence,
That broke the marble—a mishap ascribed
To evil motives; his, alas! to lead
A life of trouble, and ere-long to leave
All things most dear to him, ere-long to know
How salt another's bread is, and how toilsome
The going up and down another's stairs.

Nor then forget the Chamber of the Dead, (34)
Where the gigantic forms of Night and Day,
Turn'd into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing; and shed round at noon
A two-fold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingled each with each;
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two Ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well. (35)
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What scowls beneath his broad and helm-like
          bonnet?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'T is hid in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestical!
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard,

At morn or eve—nor fail thou to attend
On that thrice-hallow'd day, when all are there ;
When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
With light, and frankincense, and holy water,
Visit the Dead. Then wilt thou feel his power !

But let not Sculpture, Painting, Poesy,
Or they, the masters of these mighty spells,
Detain us.   Our first homage is to Virtue.
Where, in what dungeon of the Citadel,
(It must be known—the writing on the wall (36)
Cannot be gone—'t was cut in with his dagger,
Ere, on his knees to God, he slew himself),
Where, in what dungeon, did Filippo Strozzi,
The last, the greatest of the Men of Florence,
Breathe out his soul—lest in his agony,
When on the rack and call'd upon to answer,
He might accuse the guiltless.
                              That debt paid,
But with a sigh, a tear for human frailty,
We may return, and once more give a loose
To the delighted spirit—worshipping,
In her small temple of rich workmanship,*
Venus herself, who, when she left the skies
Came hither.

XXI.

DON GARZIA.

Among the awful forms that stand assembled
In the great square of Florence, may be seen

* The Tribune.

That Cosmo, (37) not the Father of his Country,
Not he so styled, but he who play'd the tyrant.
Clad in rich armour like a paladin,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they, who read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet there is
A Chamber at Grosseto, that, if walls
Could speak, and tell of what is done within,
Would turn your admiration into pity.
Half of what pass'd died with him; but the rest,
All he discover'd when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listen'd, could be glean'd
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest Chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia
(The eldest had not seen his sixteenth summer),
Went to the chase; but one of them, Giovanni,
His best beloved, the glory of his house,
Return'd not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
The trembling Cosmo guess'd the deed, the
          doer;
And having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber—at an hour
When all slept sound, save the disconsolate
          Mother,* (38)
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia

* Eleonora di Toledo.

Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led ;
And, having enter'd in and lock'd the door,
The father fix'd his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betray'd
Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. " Look there ! Look there !"
        he cried,
" Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand !
—Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.
What !" he exclaim'd, when, shuddering at the
        sight,
The boy breath'd out, " I stood but on my
        guard."
" Darest thou then blacken one who never
        wrong'd thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm ?—
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzia's side he took the dagger,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood ;
And, kneeling on the ground, " Great God !"
        he cried,
" Grant me the strength to do an act of Justice.
Thou knowest what it costs me ; but, alas,
How can I spare myself, sparing none else ?
Grant me the strength, the will—and oh forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
'T is a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung, and wept
Tenderly, long press'd him to his bosom ;

And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turn'd away his face,
And stabb'd him to the heart.

     Well might De Thou,
When in his youth he came to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past ; and, as he wander'd through
The Ancient Palace--through those ample spaces
Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of two in bonds of love,
One in a Cardinal's habit, one in black,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and infer
From the deep silence that his questions drew,
The terrible truth.

     Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's
  mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale ;
His wife, another, not his Eleonora,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

XXII.

THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE.

'T is morning. Let us wander through the
  fields,
Where Cimabue found a shepherd-boy *

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* Giotto.

Tracing his idle fancies on the ground;
And let us from the top of Fiesole,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale, where the dove-colour'd oxen
Are plowing up and down among the vines,
While many a careless note is sung aloud,
Filling the air with sweetness—and on thee
Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet.
        From that small spire, just caught
By the bright ray, that church among the rest
By One of Old distinguish'd as The Bride,
Let us pursue in thought (what can we better?)
Those who assembled there at matin-prayers;*
Who, when Vice revell'd, and along the street
Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell
Rang to demand the dead at every door,
Came out into the meadows; (39) and, awhile
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
Sate down in the high grass and in the shade
Of many a tree sun-proof—day after day,
When all was still and nothing to be heard
But the Cicala's voice among the olives,
Relating in a ring, to banish care,
Their hundred novels.
        Round the hill they went,
Round underneath—first to a splendid house,

* See the Decameron. First Day.

Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,
That on the left, just rising from the vale ;
A place for Luxury—the painted rooms,
The open galleries and middle court
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.
Then westward to another, nobler yet ;
Then on the right, now known as the Palmieri,
Where Art with Nature vied—a Paradise,
With verdurous walls, and many a trellis'd walk
All rose and jasmine, many a forest-vista
Cross'd by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Val-
    ley ;
And the clear lake, that seem'd as by enchant-
    ment
To lift up to the surface every stone
Of lustre there, and the diminutive fish
Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,
Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.

Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day ?
The morning-banquet by the fountain-side, (40)
The dance that follow'd, and the noon-tide
    slumber ;
Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring ;
And the short interval fill'd up with games
Of Chess, and talk, and reading old Romances,
Till supper-time, when many a syren-voice
Sung down the stars, and in the grass the
    torches
Burnt brighter for their absence.

He,* whose dream
It was (it was no more) sleeps in Val d'Elsa,
Sleeps in the church, where (in his ear I ween)
The Friar pour'd out his catalogue of treasures;
A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
To the Wise Men; a phial-full of sounds,
The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
In Solomon's Temple; and, though last not
        least,
A feather from the Angel Gabriel's wing,
Dropt in the Virgin's chamber.

                        That dark ridge
Stretching away in the South-east, conceals it;
Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm,
His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,
Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long
Exile and want, and the keen shafts of Malice,
With an unclouded mind.† The glimmering
        tower
On the grey rock beneath, his land-mark once,
Now serves for ours, and points out where he ate
His oread with cheerfulness.

                        Who sees him not
('T is his own sketch—he drew it from himself)
Playing the bird-catcher, and sallying forth
In an autumnal morn, laden with cages,
To catch a thrush on every lime-twig there;
Or in the wood among his wood-cutters;
Or in the tavern by the highway-side

    * Boccaccio.   † Machiavel.

At tric-trac with the miller; or at night,
Doffing his rustic suit, and, duly clad,
Entering his closet, and, among his books,
Among the Great of every age and clime,
A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,
Questioning each why he did this or that,
And learning how to overcome the fear
Of poverty and death?
                              Nearer we hail
Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of Old
For its green wine—dearer to me, to most,
As dwelt on by that great Astronomer,*
Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
His cottage (justly was it call'd The Jewel!)
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
Glimmer'd, at blush of dawn he dress'd his
        vines,
Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
Some verse of Ariosto. There, unseen, (41)
In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;
He in his old age and extremity,
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff;
His eyes upturn'd as to the golden sun,
His eye-balls idly rolling. Little then
Did Galileo think whom he bade welcome;
That in his hand he held the hand of one

* Galileo.

Who could requite him—who would spread his
    name
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, **nay**
    greater ;
Milton as little that in him he saw,
As in a glass, what he himself should be,
Destined so soon to fall on evil days
And evil tongues—so soon, alas, to live
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude.

              Well pleased, could we pursue
The Arno, from his birth-place in the clouds,
So near the yellow Tiber's (42)—springing up
From his four fountains on the Apennine,
That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships
Sailing on either Sea.   Downward he runs,
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate
    wild,
Down by the City of Hermits, and, ere-long,
The venerable woods of Vallombrosa ;
Then through these gardens to the Tuscan sea,
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
And those great Rivals in an elder day,
Florence and Pisa—who have given him fame,
Fame everlasting, but who stain'd so oft
His troubled waters.   Oft, alas, were seen,
When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were
    there,
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up implor-
    ing ; (43)
The man, the hero, on his foaming steed,

        7

Borne underneath—already in the realms
Of Darkness.
                    Nor did night or burning noon
Bring respite. Oft, as that great Artist saw,*
Whose pencil had a voice, the cry " To arms !"
And the shrill trumpet, hurried up the bank
Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide
And wash from their unharness'd limbs the
            blood
And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,
Violent the tumult ; for, already in sight,
Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew ;
Each every sinew straining, every feature,
Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on
Morion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,
As for his life—no more perchance to taste,
Arno, the grateful freshness of thy glades,
Thy waters—where, exulting, he had felt
A swimmer's transport, there, alas, to float
And welter. Nor between the gusts of War,
When flocks were feeding, and the shepherd's
            pipe
Gladden'd the valley, when, but not unarm'd,
The sower came forth, and, following him who
            plow'd,
Threw in the seed—did thy indignant waves
Escape pollution. Sullen was the splash,
Heavy and swift the plunge, when they received
The key that just had grated on the ear

* Michael Angelo.

Of Ugolino—closing up for ever
That dismal dungeon henceforth to be named
The Tower of Famine.
              Once indeed 't was thine
When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,
Was through its rocky glen rushing, resounding,
And thou wert in thy might, to save, restore
A charge most precious. To the nearest ford,
Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs,
He enters ; and his horse, alarm'd, perplex'd,
Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife ;
And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea,
The babe is floating ! Fast and far he flies ;
Now tempest-rock'd, now whirling round and
    round,
But not to perish. By thy willing waves
Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
The ark has rested ; and unhurt, secure,
As on his mother's breast he sleeps within,
All peace ! or never had the nations heard
That voice so sweet, which still enchants, in-
    spires ;
That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.
Petrarch lay there !——And such the images
That cluster'd round our Milton, when at eve
Reclined beside thee, Arno ; when at eve
Led on by thee, he wander'd with delight,
Framing Ovidian verse, and through thy groves
Gathering wild myrtle. Such the Poet's dreams ;

Yet not such only. For look round and say,
Where is the ground that did not drink warm
          blood,
The echo that had learnt not to articulate
The cry of murder ?—Fatal was the day
To Florence, when ('t was in a street behind
The church and convent of the Holy Cross—
There is the house—that house of the Donati,
Towerless, and left long since, but to the last
Braving assault—all rugged, all emboss'd
Below, and still distinguish'd by the rings
Of brass, that held in war and festival-time
Their family-standards) fatal was the day
To Florence, when, at morn, at the ninth hour,
A noble Dame in weeds of widowhood,
Weeds to be worn hereafter by so many,
Stood at her door ; and, like a sorceress, flung
Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,
Rich in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,
Her daughter's beauty ; and too well she knew
Its virtue ! Patiently she stood and watch'd ;
Nor stood alone—but spoke not.—In her breast
Her purpose lay ; and, as a youth pass'd by,
Clad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,
Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,
" This had I treasured up in secret for thee.
This hast thou lost !"   He gazed and was un-
          done !
Forgetting—not forgot—he broke the bond,
And paid the penalty, losing his life
At the bridge-foot ; (44) and hence a world of
          woe !

Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for
    blood;
No intermission! Law, that slumbers not,
And, like the Angel with the flaming sword,
Sits over all, at once chastising, healing,
Himself the Avenger, went; and every street
Ran red with mutual slaughter—though some-
    times
The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee,
    Imelda,
Thee and thy Paolo. When last ye met
In that still hour (the heat, the glare was gone,
Not so the splendour—through the cedar-grove
A radiance stream'd like a consuming fire,
As though the glorious orb, in its descent,
Had come and rested there) when last ye met,
And those relentless brothers dragg'd him forth,
It had been well, hadst thou slept on, Imelda,(45)
Nor from thy trance of fear awaked, as night
Fell on that fatal spot, to wish thee dead,
To track him by his blood, to search, to find,
Then fling thee down to catch a word, a look,
A sigh, if yet thou couldst (alas, thou couldst
    not)
And die, unseen, unthought of—from the wound
Sucking the poison. (46)

               Yet, when Slavery came
Worse follow'd. (47) Genius, Valour left the land,
Indignant—all that had from age to age
Adorn'd, ennobled; and headlong they fell,
Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,

Done in broad day and more than half-redeem'd
By many a great and generous sacrifice
Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,
The stab of the stiletto.   Gliding by
Unnoticed, in slouch'd hat and muffling cloak,
That just discover'd, Caravaggio-like,
A swarthy cheek, black brow, and eye of flame,
The Bravo took his stand, and o'er the shoulder
Plunged to the hilt, or from beneath the ribs
Slanting (a surer path, as some averr'd)
Struck upward—then slunk off, or, if pursued,
Made for the Sanctuary, and there along
The glimmering aisle among the worshippers
Wander'd with restless step and jealous look,
Dropping thick gore.
                        Misnamed to lull suspicion,
In every Palace was The Laboratory,
Where he within brew'd poisons swift and slow,
That scatter'd terror till all things seem'd
            poisonous,
And brave men trembled if a hand held out
A nosegay or a letter ; while the Great
Drank from the Venice-glass, that broke, that
            shiver'd,
If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,
Cruel Tophana ; (48) and pawn'd provinces
For the miraculous gem that to the wearer
Gave signs infallible of coming ill,
That clouded though the vehicle of death
Were an invisible perfume.
                              Happy then
The guest to whom at sleeping-time 't was said,

But in an under-voice (a lady's page
Speaks in no louder) "Pass not on. That door
Leads to another which awaits your coming,
One in the floor—now left, alas, unbolted,
No eye detects it—lying under-foot,
Just as you enter, at the threshold-stone;
Ready to fall and plunge you into darkness,
Darkness and long oblivion!"

                Then indeed
Where lurk'd not danger?   Through the fairy-
    land
No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down,
No hunting-place—but with some damning spot
That will not be wash'd out!   There, at Caiano,
Where, when the hawks were hooded and
    Night came,
Pulci would set the table in a roar
With his wild lay—there where the Sun de-
    scends,
And hill and dale are lost, veil'd with his beams,
The fair Venetian* died—she and her lord,
Died of a posset drugg'd by him who sate
And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge,
The murderer on the murder'd.

                Sobs of Grief,
Sounds inarticulate—suddenly stopt,
And follow'd by a struggle and a gasp,
A gasp in death, are heard yet in Cerreto,
Along the marble halls and staircases,
Nightly at twelve; and, at the self-same hour,

* Bianca Capello.

Shrieks, such as penetrate the inmost soul,
Such as awake the innocent babe to long,
Long wailing, echo through the emptiness ·
Of that old den far up among the hills, (49)
Frowning on him who comes from Pietra-Mala;
In them, in both, within five days and less,
Two unsuspecting victims, passing fair,
Welcomed with kisses, and slain cruelly,
One with the knife, one with the fatal noose.

But lo, the Sun is setting; earth and sky
One blaze of glory—What but now we saw
As though it were not, though it had not been!
He lingers yet, and, lessening to a point,
Shines like the eye of Heaven—then withdraws;
And from the zenith to the utmost skirts
All is celestial red! The hour is come,
When they that sail along the distant seas
Languish for home; and they that in the morn
Said to sweet friends "farewell," melt as at
          parting;
When, journeying on, the pilgrim, as he hears,
As now we hear it, echoing round the hill,
The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,
Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved
Loves more than ever. But who feels it not?
And well may we, for we are far away.
Let us retire, and, hail it in our hearts.

ITALY.

PART II.

I.

THE PILGRIM.

It was an hour of universal joy.
The lark was up and at the gate of heaven,
Singing, as sure to enter when he came ;
The butterfly was basking in my path,
His radiant wings unfolded.   From below
The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively ;
And odours, such as welcome in the day,
Such as salute the early traveller,
And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
Were rising.   Hill and valley breathed delight ;
And not a living thing but bless'd the hour !
In every bush and brake there was a voice
Responsive !
　　　　　From the Thrasymene, that now
Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
Rock'd to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage, the slaughter, I had turn'd away ;

The path, that led me, leading through a wood
A fairy-wilderness of fruits and flowers,
And by a brook that, in the day of strife,
Ran blood, but now runs amber—when a glade,
Far, far within, sunn'd only at noon-day,
Suddenly open'd. Many a bench was there,
Each round its ancient elm ; and many a track,
Well known to them that from the highway
            loved
Awhile to deviate. In the midst a cross
Of mouldering stone as in a temple stood,
Solemn, severe ; coeval with the trees
That round it in majestic order rose ;
And on the lowest step a Pilgrim knelt,
Clasping his hands in prayer. He was the first
Yet seen by me (save in a midnight-masque,
A revel, where none cares to play his part,
And they, that speak, at once dissolve the
            charm)
The first in sober truth, no counterfeit ;
And, when his orisons were duly paid,
He rose, and we exchanged, as all are wont,
A traveller's greeting.   Young and of an age
When Youth is most attractive, when a light
Plays round and round, reflected, if I err not,
From some attendant Spirit, that ere-long
(His charge relinquish'd with a sigh, a tear)
Wings his flight upward—with a look he won
My favour ; and, the spell of silence broke,
I could not but continue.

                              "Whence," I ask'd,
"Whence art thou?"—"From Mont' alto,"
            he replied,
"My native village in the Apennines."
"And whither journeying?"—"To the holy
            shrine
Of Saint Antonio, in the City of Padua.
Perhaps, if thou hast ever gone so far,
Thou wilt direct my course."—"Most wil-
            lingly;
But thou hast much to do, much to endure,
Ere thou hast enter'd where the silver lamps
Burn ever. Tell me—I would not transgress,
Yet ask I must—what could have brought thee
            forth;
Nothing in act or thought to be atoned for?"—
"It was a vow I made in my distress.
We were so blest, none were so blest as we,
Till Sickness came. First, as death-struck, I
            fell;
Then my beloved sister; and ere-long,
Worn with continual watchings, night and day,
Our saint-like mother. Worse and worse she
            grew;
And in my anguish, my despair, I vow'd,
That if she lived, if Heaven restored her to us,
I would forthwith, and in a Pilgrim's weeds,
Visit that holy shrine. My vow was heard;
And therefore am I come."—"Thou hast done
            well;
And may those weeds, so reverenced of old,
Guard thee in danger!"—

                    " They are nothing worth.
But they are worn in humble confidence ;
Nor would I for the richest robe resign them,
Wrought, as they were, by those I love so well,
Lauretta and my sister ; theirs the task,
But none to them, a pleasure, a delight,
To ply their utmost skill, and send me forth
As best became this service. Their last words,
' Fare thee well, Carlo. We shall count the
            hours !'
Will not go from me."—
                    " Health and strength be thine
In thy long travel ! May no sun-beam strike ;
No vapour cling and wither ! Mayest thou be,
Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure !
And, when again thou comest, thy labour done,
Joy be among ye ! In that happy hour
All will pour forth to bid thee welcome, Carlo ;
And there is one, or I am much deceived,
One thou hast named, who will not be the last."—
" Oh, she is true as Truth itself can be !
But ah, thou knowest her not. Would that
            thou couldst !
My steps I quicken when I think of her ;
For, though they take me further from her door,
I shall return the sooner."

II.

AN INTERVIEW.

PLEASURE, that comes unlook'd-for, is thrice
    welcome ;

And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 't is treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came,
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

   The sun was wheeling westward, and the
       cliffs
And nodding woods, that everlastingly
(Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,
Thy voice, Velino, utter'd in the mist)
Hear thee and answer thee, were left at length
For others still as noon; and on we stray'd
From wild to wilder, nothing hospitable
Seen up or down, no bush or green or dry,
That ancient symbol at the cottage-door,
Offering refreshment—when Luigi cried,
" Well, of a thousand tracts we chose the best !"
And, turning round an oak, oracular once,
Now lightning-struck, a cave, a thoroughfare
For all that came, each entrance a broad arch,
Whence many a deer, rustling his velvet coat,
Had issued, many a gipsy and her brood
Peer'd forth, then housed again—the floor yet
       grey
With ashes, and the sides, where roughest, hung
Loosely with locks of hair—I look'd and saw
What, seen in such an hour by Sancho Panza,
Had given his honest countenance a breadth,
His cheeks a flush of pleasure and surprise,
Unknown before, had chain'd him to the spot,

And thou, Sir Knight, hadst traversed hill and
        dale
Squire-less.
                Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring
Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is
        high,
The hare delights to race in, scattering round
The silvery dews. Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their length of shadow, chequering
The greensward, and, what grew in frequent
        tufts,
An underwood of myrtle, that by fits
Sent up a gale of fragrance. Through the
        midst,
Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
A rainbow's splendour (somewhere in the east
Rain-drops were falling fast) a rivulet
Sported as loth to go ; and on the bank
Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule
Well-laden, while two menials as in haste
Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
And plunging in the cool translucent wave
Flasks of delicious wine.
                        Anon a horn
Blew, through the champaign bidding to the
        feast,
Its jocund note to other ears address'd,
Not ours ; and, slowly coming by a path,

That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
Was seen far inward, though along the glade
Distinguish'd only by a fresher verdure,
Peasants approach'd, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game
In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over ; and ere-long appear'd
Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
Their plumage waving as instinct with life ;
A Lady young and graceful, and a Youth,
Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
As in the golden, the romantic time,
His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
Or fairy-vision, such as feign'd of old,
The Lady, while her courser paw'd the ground,
Alighted ; and her beauty, as she trod
The enamell'd bank, bruising nor herb nor
        flower,
That place illumined.
                        Ah, who should she be,
And with her brother, as when last we met,
(When the first lark had sung ere half was
        said,
And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
So sweet it was, recall'd me like a spell)
Who But Angelica ?
                        That day we gave
To Pleasure, and, unconscious of their flight,

Another and another; hers a home
Dropt from the sky amid the wild and rude,
Loretto-like. The rising moon we hail'd,
Duly, devoutly, from a vestibule
Of many an arch, o'erwrought and lavishly
With many a wildering dream of sylphs and
          flowers,
When Raphael and his school from Florence
          came,
Filling the land with splendour—nor less oft
Watch'd her, declining, from a silent dell,
Not silent once, what time in rivalry
Tasso, Guarini, waved their wizard-wands,
Peopling the groves from Arcady, and lo,
Fair forms appear'd, murmuring melodious
          verse,
--Then, in their day, a sylvan theatre,
Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor,
The scenery rock and shrub-wood, Nature's
          own;
Nature the Architect.

III.

ROME.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen
          me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts

Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;
And I spring up as girt to run a race !

Thou art in Rome ! the City that so long
Reign'd absolute, the mistress of the world ;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roof'd cabin by a river-side ?)
Grew into everything ; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, through hosts
Through nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in Rome ! the City, where the Gauls,
Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not
            men ;
The City that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminish'd.
                                There, as though
Grandeur attracted Grandeur, are beheld
                    8

All things that strike, ennoble—from the
      depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the
      Forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flock'd thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse?
               And I am there!
Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, (50) once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors seal'd up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward Tiber, and, beyond the City-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself (51)—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Longwhile the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engender'd there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness;* and, the summit gain'd,
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls

* Nero.

Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice falter'd, and a mother wept
Tears of delight !

           But what a narrow space
Just underneath ! In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handy-work not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple.

                It was once, .
And long, the centre of their Universe, (52)
The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-wing'd,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost
The very dust we tread, stirs as with life ;
And not the lightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur.

               We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict ; this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side Heaven !

  Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the
      corse
Of her so chaste all mourn'd, and from his cloud
Burst like a God. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
Virginius call'd down vengeance.—But whence
     spoke
They who harangued the people ; turning now
To the twelve tables, (53) now with lifted hands

To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
In the unclouded azure shone far off,
And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
Seem'd like a star new-risen? Where were
        ranged
In rough array as on their element,
The beaks of those old galleys, destined still *
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,†
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!
                Along the Sacred Way
Hither the Triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appear'd,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-
        bright,
As though it led to heaven. 'T was night;
        but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Enter'd the Capitol. But what are they,
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,

---

* The Rostra.   † Marcus Junius Brutus.

On those so young, well-pleased with all they
        see, (54)
Staggers along, the last ?—They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-
        wheels ;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquish'd—there withdrew ;
He to the festal-board, and they to die.

    Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
They who were wont to fare deliciously,
And war but for a kingdom more or less,
Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to
        look,
To think that way !   Well might they in their
        state
Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be delivered from a dream like this !

    Here Cincinnatus pass'd, his plow the while
Left in the furrow, and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the
        earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule pomp
Sit and decide ; and, as of old in Rome,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire !

    Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx
        saved not,*

* Perseus.

The last on Philip's throne; and the Numidian,*
So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
Thrust under-ground, " How cold this bath of
    yours !"
And thy proud queen, Palmyra, through the
    sands †
Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
Death, and escaped; the Egyptian, when her
    asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf; ‡
And Hannibal himself; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands, §
" Tell him I would it had come yesterday;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift."

Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly; or they that come,
(And there are many who have cross'd the
    earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
" This was the Roman Forum !"

* Jugurtha. † Zenobia. ‡ Cleopatra. § Sophonisba.

IV.

A FUNERAL.

"WHENCE this delay?" "Along the crowded
    street
A Funeral comes, and with unusual pomp.
So I withdrew a little, and stood still,
While it went by. "She died as she deserved,"
Said an Abatè, gathering up his cloak,
And with a shrug retreating as the tide
Flow'd more and more.—"But she was beau-
    tiful!"
Replied a soldier of the Pontiff's guard.
"And innocent as beautiful!" exclaim'd
A Matron sitting in her stall, hung round
With garlands, holy pictures, and what not?
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs display'd
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke;
And I accosted her to hear her story.
"The stab," she cried, "was given in jealousy;
But never fled a purer spirit to heaven,
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at
    dusk
When on her way from vespers—None were
    near,
None save her serving-boy, who knelt and wept,
But what could tears avail him, when she fell—
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,
Just by the fountain—that before the church,
The church she always used, St. Isidore's—
Alas, I knew her from her earliest youth,

That excellent lady. Ever would she say,
. Good even, as she pass'd, and with a voice
Gentle as theirs in heaven !''—But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assail'd the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet ;
And now a strange fantastic troop appear'd !
Thronging, they came—as from the shades
        below ;
All of a ghostly white ! "Oh say, I cried,
" Do not the living here bury the dead ?
Do Spirits come and fetch them ? What are
        these,
That seem not of this World, and mock the
        Day ;
Each with a burning taper in his hand ?"—
" It is an ancient Brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long
        line
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man ;
The living mask'd, the dead alone uncover'd.
But mark"—And, lying on her funeral-couch,
Like one asleep, her eye-lids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 't were her nightly posture, through the
        crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast ! But breathes she not ?
A glow is on her cheek—and her lips move !
And now a smile is there—how heavenly sweet !
" Oh no !" replied the Dame, wiping her tears,
But with an accent less of grief than anger,
" No, she will never, never wake again !"

Death, when we meet the spectre in our
    walks,
As we did yesterday, and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
Seen, not observed ; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and
    strange,
(And through the world he changes as in sport,
Affect he greatness or humility)
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,
A sadness round ; yet one I would not lose ;
Being in unison with all things else
In this, this land of shadows, where we live
More in past time than present, where the
    ground
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is cover'd o'er with mouldering monuments ;
And, let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead.

    Oft, where the burial-rite follows so fast
The agony, oft coming, nor from far,
Must a fond father meet his darling child,
(Him who at parting climb'd his knees and
    clung)
Clay-cold and wan, and to the bearers cry,
" Stand, I conjure ye !"
                 Seen thus destitute,
What are the greatest ? They must speak be-
    yond
A thousand homilies. When Raphael went,

His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit—when He went,
Wrapt in his sable cloak, the cloak he wore,
To sleep beneath the venerable Dome,*
By those attended, who in life had loved,
Had worshipp'd, following in his steps to Fame,
('Twas on an April-day, when Nature smiles)
All Rome was there. But, ere the march began,
Ere to receive their charge the bearers came,
Who had not sought him? And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yester-
      day,
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when, entering in, they
      look'd
Now on the dead, now on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and
      breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.

V.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES

" Another Assassination! This venerable
City," I exclaimed, " what is it, but as it be-
gan, a nest of robbers and murderers? We
must away at sun-rise, Luigi." Put before

*The Pantheon.

sun-rise I had reflected a little, and in the sober-
est prose. My indignation was gone; and,
when Luigi undrew my curtain, crying, "Up,
Signor, up! The horses are at the door."—
"Luigi," I replied, "if thou lovest me, draw
the curtain."*

It would lessen very much the severity with
which men judge of each other, if they would
but trace effects to their causes, and observe the
progress of things in the moral, as accurately as
in the physical world. When we condemn
millions in the mass as vindictive and sangui-
nary, we should remember that, wherever Jus-
tice is ill-administered, the injured will redress
themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery;
murder to assassination. Resentments become
hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends
as if all Hell had broke loose.

Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only
by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its
exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe
the bad by the prospect of a punishment cer-
tain and well-defined, they console the injured
by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the
infliction is a public act, it excites and entails
no enmity. The laws are offended; and the
community, for its own sake, pursues and over-
takes the offender; often without the concurrence
of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

* A dialogue, which is said to have passed many years
ago at Lyons (Mem. de Grammont, I, 3.) and which
may still be heard in almost every hotellerie at day-break

Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate ; and, when at length they venture to turn against their rulers,[*] we should lament, not wonder at their excesses ; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

"Hate them, perhaps," you may say, we should not ; but despise them we must, if enslaved, like the people of Rome, in mind as well as body ; if their religion be a gross and barbarous superstition."—I respect knowledge ; but I do not despise ignorance. They think only as their fathers thought, worship as they worshipped. They do no more ; and if ours had not burst their bondage, braving imprisonment and death, might not we at this very moment have been exhibiting, in our streets and our churches, the same processions, ceremonials, and mortifications ?

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society, what belongs to a

* As the descendants of an illustrious people have lately done. Can it be believed that there are many among us, who, from a desire to be thought superior to commonplace sentiments and vulgar feelings, affect an indifference to their cause ! " If the Greeks," they say, " had the probity of other nations—but, they are false to a proverb !" And is not falsehood the characteristic of slaves ? Man is the creature of circumstances   Free, he has the qualities of a freeman ; enslaved, those of a slave.

later? They are only where we once were; and why hold them in derision? It is their business to cultivate the inferior arts before they think of the more refined; and in many of the last what are we as a nation, when compared to others that have passed away? Unfortunately, it is too much the practice of governments to nurse and keep alive in the governed their national prejudices. It withdraws their attention from what is passing at home, and makes them better tools in the hands of Ambition. Hence next-door neighbours are held up to us from our childhood as *natural enemies;* and we are urged on like curs to worry each other.*

In like manner we should learn to be just to individuals. Who can say, "In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?" Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears—Who, did he but

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* Candor, generosity, how rare are they in the world; and how much is to be deplored the want of them! When a minister in our parliament consents at last to a measure, which, for many reasons perhaps existing no longer, he had before refused to adopt, there should be no exultation as over the fallen, no taunt, no jeer. How often may the resistance be continued lest an enemy should triumph, and the result of conviction be received as a symptom of fear!

reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone? Fortunately, these things are known to Him, from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that *his* judgments are not as ours are.

VI.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

Have none appeared as tillers of the ground,
None since They went—as though it still were
        theirs,
And they might come and claim their own
        again?
Was the last plow a Roman's?
                           From this Seat,
Sacred for ages, whence, as Virgil sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Look'd down and saw the armies in array,
Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from
        Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where perhaps
Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Await their influence; silently revolving
The changes from that hour, when He from
        Troy
Went up the Tiber; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,

*Æneid, xii. 134.

Stream'd far and wide, and dashing oars were
    heard
Among those woods where Silvia's stag was
    lying,
His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
Where, by the Moon, that saw and yet with-
    drew not,
Two were so soon to wander and be slain,
Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
Divided.
        Then, and hence to be discern'd,
How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay
Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
Its little rivalships! What various turns
Of fortune there; what moving accidents
From ambuscade and open violence!
Mingling, the sounds came up; and hence how
    oft
We might have caught among the trees below,
Glittering with helm and shield, the men of
    Tibur;*
Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
Some embassy ascending to Præneste;†
How oft descried, without thy gates, Aricia,‡
Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
Senate and People!—Each a busy hive,
Glowing with life!
        But all ere-long are lost
In one. We look, and where the river rolls
Southward its shining labyrinth. in her strength
A City, girt with battlements and towers,

* Tivoli.   † Palestrina   ‡ La Riccia.

On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
At rural work, the Citizens are seen,
None unemploy'd ; the noblest of them all
Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-
          floors,
As though they had not conquer'd. Everywhere
Some trace of valour or heroic virtue !
Here is the sacred field of the Horatii,
There are the Quintian meadows. Here the
          hill *
How holy, where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Arm'd ; and, their wrongs redress'd, at once
          gave way,
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown
          down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart
Pour'd out in thanks to Heaven.
                              Once again
We look ; and, lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold ; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory ; temples, palaces,
Call'd up as by enchantment ; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch high over-head ;
And in the centre, like a burning-sun,
The Imperial City ! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them forth;
Who, when at length released by victory,
Buckler and spear hung up—but not to rust)

* Mons Sacer.

Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The Decii, the Fabricii ? Where the spade
And reaping-hook, among their household-
          things
Duly transmitted ? In the hands of men
Made captive ; while the master and his guests,
Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
Summer and winter, through the circling year,
On their Falernian—in the hands of men
Dragg'd into slavery, with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity to sink,
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
As models for the sculptor.

                              But their days,
Their hours are number'd. Hark, a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous dissonance, loud and yet louder,
That echoes from the mountain to the sea !
And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward ! Had they slain
All, that the earth should from her womb bring
          forth
New nations to destroy them ? From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as though an ice
Engendered. multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge ! Host after host, they come ;
The Goth, the Vandal ; and again the Goth !
  Once more we look, and all is still as night,

All desolate !   Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight, and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismember'd giant.   In the midst
A City stands, her domes and turrets crown'd
With many a cross ; but they, that issue forth,
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless ;
And on the road, where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

VII.

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

THOSE ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors ;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free immortal spirit ?   Were they not
Mighty magicians ?   Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close-interwoven ; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises ;
And with the terrors of Futurity
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric
And architectural pomp, such as none else ;

And dazzling light, and darkness visible ! (55)
What in his day the Syracusan sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had ; and, having it, like gods, not men,
Moved this world at their pleasure. Ere they
    came,
Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were
    known,
And Two, that look'd beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming—he who saw
The Apocalypse ; and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Well might those holy men be filled with fear !

VIII.

CAIUS CESTIUS.

WHEN I am inclined to be serious, I love to
wander up and down before the tomb of Caius
Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there ;
and most of the little monuments are erected to
the young ; young men of promise, cut off when
on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoy-
ment ; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on
their first journey ; or children, borne from
home in search of health. This stone was placed
by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who
will return to the house of his parents without
him ; that, by a husband or father, now in his
native country. His heart is buried in that
grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your country-men. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken around about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.

IX.

THE NUN.

'T is over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.
        'T is over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—

No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom
    discerned,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.
        When on her knees she fell.
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chaunt
Of Psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out, how holily !
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross ;
Yet it was sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was
    shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying,
    " Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her,
    " Thus,
Thus I renounce the world !" When all was
    chang'd
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veil'd in her veil, crown'd with her silver crown,

Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her
          knees
Fail in that hour ! Well might the holy man,
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
('T was in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)   (56)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity !
          Like a dream the whole is fled ;
And they, that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world ; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
None were so form'd to love, and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
Forever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till
          Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy Youth ?
As nothing !
          But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly ; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,

Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem. (57)
                                        All in urn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncall'd. The young and innocent heart,
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

X.

THE FIRE-FLY.

THERE is an Insect, that, when Evening
        comes,
Small though he be and scarce distinguishable,
Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheaths his wings, and through the woods
        and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of ecstacy;
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
Soaring, descending.
                        In the mother's lap
Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon;
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid

Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
" Come hither; and the shepherds, gathering
            round,
Shall say, Floretta emulates the Night,
Spangling her head with stars."
                    Oft have I met
This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
My path no longer glimmer'd; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green,
That yet dream out their stories of old Rome
Over the Alban lake; oft met and hail'd,
Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
And through the surging mist a poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe?)
Reveals itself.
                    Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,
My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling.* Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, through the darkness
            knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Through the green leaves, a ray serene and
            clear
As Virtue's own.

XI.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

It was in a splenetic humour that I sate me

* The glow-worm.

down to my scanty fare at Terracina; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me, I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearth-stone. "Why," I exclaimed, starting up from the table, " why did I leave my own chimney-corner?—But am I not on the road to Brundusium? And are not these the very calamities that befell Horace and Virgil, and Mæcenas, and Plotius, and Varius? Horace laughed at them—then why should not I? Horace resolved to turn them to account; and Virgil—cannot we hear him observing, that to remember them will, by and by, be a pleasure?" My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate; and when, for the twentieth time, I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants, a sea on which the heroes of the Odyssey and the Eneid had sailed, I sat down as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavour of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before.

"Who," I cried, as I poured out my last glass of Falernian,* (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone)—"who would remain at home, could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull, but daily round; his hours for-

* We were now within a few hours of the Campania Felix. On the colour and flavour of Falernian, consult Galen and Dioscorides.

gotten as soon as spent?" and, opening my
journal-book, and dipping my pen into my
ink-horn, I determined, as far as I could, to
justify myself and my countrymen in wander-
ing over the face of the earth. "It may serve
me," said I, "as a remedy in some future fit of
the spleen."

———◆———

Ours is a nation of travellers;* and no won-
der, when the elements, air, water, fire, attend
at our bidding, to transport us from shore to
shore; when the ship rushes into the deep, her
track the foam as of some mighty torrent; and,
in three hours or less, we stand gazing and
gazed at among a foreign people. None want
an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy, if poor, to
retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to
learn; if learned, to relax from their studies.
But whatever they may say, whatever they
may believe, they go for the most part on the
same errand; nor will those who reflect, think
that errand an idle one.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner
do they enter the world, than they lose that
taste for natural and simple pleasures, so re-

* As indeed it always was, contributing those of every
degree, from a *milor* with his suite to him whose only
attendant is his shadow. Coryate in 1608 performed his
journey on foot; and returning, hung up his shoes in his
village church as an ex-voto. Goldsmith, a century and
a half afterwards, followed in nearly the same path;
playing a tune on his flute to procure admittance, when-
ever he approached a cottage at night-fall.

markable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honour; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while at least all effort is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment; and here indeed the resemblance is very remarkable, for if a journey has its pains as well as its pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed in this world) the pains are no sooner over than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory.

Nor is it surely without another advantage. If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does, and, to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes are committed! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play,

foreign and domestic broil, such are their re-
sources ; and, when these things fail, they
destroy themselves.

Now in travelling we multiply events, and
innocently. We set out, as it were, on our ad-
ventures ; and many are those that occur to us,
morning, noon, and night. The day we come
to a place which we have long heard and read
of, and in Italy we do so continually, it is an
era in our lives ; and from that moment the
very name calls up a picture. How delightfully
too does the knowledge flow in upon us, and
how fast !* Would he who sat in a corner of
his library, poring over books and maps, learn
more or so much in the time, as he who, with
his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impres-
sions, all day long, from the things themselves ?†
How accurately do they arrange themselves in
our memory, towns, rivers, mountains ; and in
what living colours do we recall the dresses,
manners and customs of the people ! Our sight
is the noblest of all our senses. ' It fills the
mind with most ideas, converses with its ob-
jects at the greatest distance, and continues
longest in action without being tired.'' Our

* To judge at once of a nation, we have only to throw
our eyes on the markets and the fields. If the markets
are well supplied, the fields well cultivated, all is right.
If otherwise, we may say, and say truly, these people
are barbarous or oppressed.

† Assuredly not, if the last has laid a proper foundation.
Knowledge makes knowledge as money makes money,
nor ever perhaps so fast as on a journey.

sight is on the alert when we travel; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the profit in the pleasure.

Like a river, that gathers, that refines as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve and imperceptibly—nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own.

———◆———

I threw down my pen in triumph. "The question," said I, "is set to rest for ever. And yet—"

"And yet—" I must still say. The wisest of men seldom went out of the walls of Athens; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not after all a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold? A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin, had not long before experienced its efficacy: and his story, which he told me without reserve, was as follows:

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such

as few have known and none would wish to re·
member, was hurrying along the street to the
river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned
and beheld a little boy, who had caught the
skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my
notice. His look and manner were irresistible.
Not less so was the lesson he had learnt.

"'There are six of us; and we are dying for
want of food.'—'Why should I not,' said I to
myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have
the means; and it will not delay me many
minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of
misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe.
I threw them my purse; and their burst of
gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it
went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call
again to-morrow,' I cried. 'Fool that I was,
to think of leaving a world where such pleasure
was to be had, and so cheaply!'"

XII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honour'd with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock fill'd, overflow'd it;
Then dash'd away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted
     roots

Of aged trees ; discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure.   Overcome with heat,
I threw me down ; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus ;* and now approach'd
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels.   Soon I heard
Footsteps ; and lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appear'd,
Appear'd and vanish'd, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher.   It call'd up the day
Ulysses landed there ; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her ;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection.   Stopping there,
She join'd her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink ;
And, while he quench'd his thirst, standing on
                                    tiptoe,
Look'd down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirr'd till he had done, fix'd as a statue.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood,
    Canova,
Thou hadst endow'd them with immortal youth;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

XIII.

BANDITTI.

'T is a wild life, fearful and full of change,
The mountain-robber's. On the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the passenger;
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.

Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
When they that robb'd, were men of better faith
Than kings or pontiffs, when, such reverence
The Poet drew among the woods and wilds,
A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,
Crying aloud, " Hence to the distant hills!
Tasso approaches; he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armory,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
Hence, nor descend till he or his are gone.
Let him fear nothing."
                        When along the shore,
And by the path that, wandering on its way,
Leads through the fatal grove where Tully fell
(Grey and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there),
He came and they withdrew: they were a race

Careless of life in others and themselves,
For they had learnt their lesson in a camp,
But not ungenerous. 'T is no longer so.
Now crafty, cruel, torturing e'er they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
Mocking misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, though when they kneel and
        pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder.
As by a spell they start up in array,
As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting,
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
Whose lives have long been forfeit.
                                    Some there are
That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
The guilt that says, Beware; and mark we now
Him, where he lies, who crouches for his prey
At the bridge-foot, in some dark cavity
Scoop'd by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
Slunk as he enter'd. There he broods in spleen
Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy
        frame
O'erwritten with the story of his life:
On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well-earn'd
10

In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand
Indelible, burnt in when to the port
He clank'd his chain, among a hundred more
Dragg'd ignominiously; on every limb
Memorials of his glory and his shame,
Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
And channels here and there worn to the bone
By galling fetters.
           He comes slowly forth,
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
Anxiously looks; his cruise, an ample gourd
(Duly replenish'd from the vintner's cask),
Slung from his shoulder; in his breadth of belt
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
A parchment scrawl'd with uncouth characters,
And a small vial, his last remedy,
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,
Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
Howl in the upper region, or a fish
Leaps in the gulph beneath.—But now he kneels
And (like a scout when listening to the tramp
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and, his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently.
                Two Monks,
Portly, grey-headed, on their gallant steeds,
Descend where yet a mouldering cross o'erhangs
The grave of one that from the precipice
Fell in an evil hour. Their bridle-bells
Ring merrily; and many a loud, long laugh
Re-echoes; but at once the sounds are lost.

Unconscious of the good in store below,
The holy fathers have turn'd off, and now
Cross the brown heath, ere-long to wag their
        beards
Before my lady-abbess, and discuss
Things only known to the devout and pure
O'er her spiced bowl—then shrive the sisterhood,
Sitting by turns with an inclining ear
In the confessional.

                        He moves his lips
As with a curse—then paces up and down,
Now fast, now slow, brooding and muttering on;
Gloomy alike to him the past, the future.

But hark, the nimble tread of numerous feet!
'Tis but a dappled herd, come down to slake
   thirst in the cool wave. He turns and aims—
Then checks himself, unwilling to disturb
The sleeping echoes.

                        Once again he earths;
Slipping away to house with them beneath,
His old companions in that hiding-place,
The bat, the toad, the blind-worm, and the
        newt;
And hark, a footstep, firm and confident,
As of a man in haste. Nearer it draws;
And now is at the entrance of the den.
Ha! 'tis a comrade, sent to gather in
The band for some great enterprise.

                        Who wants
A sequel, may read on. The unvarnish'd tale,
That follows, will supply the place of one.

'T was told me by the Marquis of Ravina,
When in a blustering night he shelter'd me
In that brave castle of his ancestors
O'er Garigliano, and is such indeed
As every day brings with it—in a land
Where laws are trampled on, and lawless men
Walk in the sun; but it should not be lost,
For it may serve to bind us to our country.

XIV.

AN ADVENTURE.

THREE days they lay in ambush at my gate,
Then sprung and led me captive. Many a wild
We traversed; but Rusconi, 't was no less,
March'd by my side, and, when I thirsted,
        climb'd ·
The cliffs for water; though, whene'er he spoke,
'T was briefly, sullenly; and on he led,
Distinguish'd only by an amulet,
That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,
When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
He turn'd and bade them halt. 'T was where
        the earth
Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some Alaric
Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and, ranging in a square,
Stretch'd forth their arms as on the holy cross
From each to each their sable cloaks extending,

That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,
Cover'd us round; and in the midst I stood,
Weary and faint, and face to face with one,
Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and
    death,
Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly
A light was kindled, and the Bandit spoke.
" I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the
    sport
Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter's cry,
And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
Soon should I make a midnight-spectacle,
Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
But I would teach thee better—how to spare.
Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
Thou livest. If not—but answer not, I pray,
Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead;
And know, young man, it is an easier thing
To do it than to say it. Write, and thus."—

I wrote. "'T is well," he cried. " A peasant-
    boy,
Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence.
Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of
    mine
Will serve thee; it has weather'd many a storm."
The watch was set; and twice it had been
    changed,
When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk
Flew in a circle, screaming. I look'd up,

And all were gone, save him who now kept
        guard,
And on his arms lay musing. Young he seem'd,
And sad, as though he could indulge at will
Some secret sorrow. " Thou shrink'st back,"
        he said.
" Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near
A ruffian—one for ever link'd and bound
To guilt and infamy. There was a time
When he had not perhaps been deem'd unwor-
        thy,
When he had watch'd that planet to its setting,
And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
That Nature has given birth to. Now 't is past.

   " Wouldst thou know more ? My story is an
        old one.
I loved, was scorn'd ; I trusted, was betray'd ;
And in my anguish, my necessity,
Met with the fiend, the tempter—in Rusconi.
' Why thus ?' he cried. ' Thou wouldst be free,
        and darest not.
Come and assert thy birth-right while thou canst,
A robber's cave is better than a dungeon ;
And death itself, what is it at the worst,
What, but a harlequin's leap ?' Him I had
        known,
Had served with, suffer'd with ; and on the walls
Of Capua, when the moon went down, I swore
Allegiance on his dagger.
                        Dost thou ask
How I have kept my oath ? Thou shalt be told,

Cost what it may.—But grant me, I implore,
Grant me a passport to some distant land,
That I may never, never more be named.
Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.

> Two months ago,
When on a vineyard-hill we lay conceal'd
And scattered up and down as we were wont,
I heard a damsel singing to herself,
And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,
A song of love, by snatches; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun
Pleased for an instant; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden-ornaments
Show'd gentle birth; and, step by step, she came
Nearer and nearer to the dreadful snare.
None else were by; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gaiety
Went to my heart; and, starting up, I cried,
'Fly—for your life!' Alas, she shriek'd, she fell;
And, as I caught her falling, all rush'd forth.
'A Wood-nymph!' said Rusconi. 'By the light,
Lovely as Hebe! Lay her in the shade.'
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.
'What,' he exclaim'd with a malicious smile,
'Wouldst thou rebel?' I did as he required.

'Now bear her hence to the well-head below.
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go! 'T is an office all will envy thee;
But thou hast earn'd it.'

             As I stagger'd down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body;
Her golden hair dishevell'd on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, 'Great God!' I cried
(I had almost forgotten how to pray)
'Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,
Release her from a thraldom worse than death?'
'T was done as soon as said. I kiss'd her brow
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She utter'd, but she stirr'd not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. 'T was where the path
In its descent turn'd suddenly. No eye
Observed me, though their steps were following fast.
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levell'd their deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave
Had not Rusconi with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaim'd,
Grasping my arm, ''T is bravely, nobly done!
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword?
Was this the business that thou camest upon?
—But 't is his first offence, and let it pass.

Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.' Then in an undertone,
'Thus wouldst thou justify the pledge I gave,
When in the eyes of all I read distrust ?
For once,' and on his cheek, methought, I saw
The blush of virtue, ' I will save thee, Albert ;
Again, I cannot.' "

               Ere his tale was told,
As on the heath we lay, my ransom came ;
And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
—But the night wears, and thou art much in
    need
Of rest. The young Antonio with his torch,
Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

XV.

NAPLES.

This region, surely, is not of the earth. *
Was it not dropt from heaven. Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruin'd temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by,
And be it mine to muse there mine to glide,

* Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.—*Sannazaro*.

From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there—
From day-break to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening
          hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.
                              Everywhere
Fable and truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laugh'd and sung, arraying Truth in
          flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by him described,*
Who here was wont to wander, record
What they reveal'd, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope.
                    Yet here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape

* Virgil.

Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to wild ecstacy,
And soberest meditation.
              Here the vines
Wed, each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
The sunshine; where, when cooler shadows fall,
And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves,
The lute, or mandoline, accompanied
By many a voice yet sweeter than their own,
Kindles, nor slowly; and the dance* displays
The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
Drops on his knee as vanquish'd, and the maid,
Her tambourine uplifting with a grace,
Nature's and Nature's only, bids him rise.

But here the mighty Monarch underneath,
He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
A dazzling splendour. Here, unseen, unheard,
Opening another Eden in the wild,
He works his wonders; save, when issuing
       forth
In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,
And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
And in an hour of universal mirth,
What time the trump proclaims the festival,
Buries some capital city, there to sleep

* The Tarantella.

The sleep of ages—till a plow, a spade
Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons,
Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
And eager to enjoy.
                    Let us go round,
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contemplate, and from every scene
Receive its influence. The Cumæan towers,
There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy
        groves
Delicious Baiæ. Here (what would they not?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple.
                    What the mountainous Isle,*
Seen in the South? 'T is where a Monster
        dwelt,†
Who hurl'd his victims from the topmost cliff;
Then and then only merciful, so slow,
So subtle were the tortures they endured.
Fearing and fear'd he lived, cursing and curs'd;
And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
Darkness, distemper.—Strange, that one so vile

* Capreæ.   † Tiberius.

Should from his den strike terror through the
    world!
Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,
Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
"Go from the earth!" and from the earth they
    went.
Yet such things were—and will be, when man-
    kind,
Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
And for the loss incur the penalty,
Trodden down and trampled.
                Let us turn the prow,
And in the track of him who went to die,*
Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
A waking dream awaits us. At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we
    stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,†
Immovable, nor asking, Can it be?

Once did I linger there alone, till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,
Just where the three ways meet, I stood and
    look'd,
('T was near a noble house, the house of Pansa),
And all was still as in the long, long night
That follow'd, when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,

* The Elder Pliny.   † Pompeii.

Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement
          glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once reveal'd
The name of every dweller, and his craft ;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this City of the Dead.

Here lived a miller ; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
And here, hard by, (where one in idleness
Has stopp'd to scrawl a ship, an armed man ;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shows ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly ; blocks, half chisell'd into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an ample jar, no more replenish'd ;
And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate, and quaff'd, and look'd on them
          that pass'd,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.

But lo, engraven on a threshold stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,

Hail! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy palace! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
—-And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!
—Ah, no, 't is but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead!

XVI.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

I DINE very often with the good old Cardinal
*** and, I should add, with his cats; for they
always sit at his table, and are much the gravest
of the company. His beaming countenance
makes us forget his age; nor did I ever see it
clouded till yesterday, when, as we were con-
templating the sunset from his terrace, he hap-
pened, in the course of our conversation, to
allude to an affecting circumstance in his early
life.

He had just left the University of Palermo
and was entering the army, when he became
acquainted with a young lady of great beauty
and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as

his own. Living near each other, they were often together; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey, but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumours were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of Sienna; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual viva-

city; for the sadness, which had come across
him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near
Bologna, a widow-lady of the Lambertini family,
called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution
of the state had known the bitterness of poverty,
and had even begged her bread; kneeling day
after day like a statue at the gate of the cathe-
dral; her rosary in her left hand, and her right
held out for charity; her long black veil con-
cealing a face that had once adorned a court,
and had received the homage of as many son-
nets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy
from a distant relation had come to her relief;
and she was now the mistress of a small inn at
the foot of the Appennines; where she enter-
tained as well as she could, and where those
only stopped who were contented with a little.
The house was still standing, when in my
youth I passed that way; though the sign of
the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers,
was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign
which she had taken, if we may believe the
tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a
grand-master of that Order, whose achieve-
ments in Palestine she would sometimes relate.
A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and
at no great distance, where the road turned on its
way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a
lamp was always burning before a picture of the

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Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetians thus addressed their Hostess. " Excellent Lady,

may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts, we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, Lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it.'

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia · and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just

dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world?—Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief: he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make?—how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair.

What was to be done? No advocate; and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise. Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.*

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there,

* Ce pourroit être, says Bayle, la matière d'un joli problême on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Ily auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus.

Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friend-
less give me strength in that hour! Even now
my heart fails me; but, come what will,
while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother
shall never want. I will beg through the world
for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles.
The claim is stated, and the evidence given.
And now the defence is called for—but none is
made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a
pause and a consultation of some minutes, the
Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence
having been proclaimed in the Court, when Lo-
renzo rises and thus addresses them.

"Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I
venture to speak before you? I would speak in
behalf of one who has none else to help her;
and I will not keep you long.

"Much has been said; much on the sacred
nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge
it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the
last letter. It is what we solicit, what we re-
quire. But to whom is the bag of gold to be
delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—
not to two—but to the three. Let the three
stand forth and claim it."

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?)
none were sought, none employed, but the sub-
tle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed
Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his
marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

XVII.

A CHARACTER.

One of two things Montrioli may have,
My envy or compassion. Both he cannot.
Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries,
What least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon;
And, for not having, most despises me.
" At morn the minister exacts an hour;
At noon the king. Then comes the council-
        board ;
And then the chase, the supper. When, ah!
        when,
The leisure and the liberty I sigh for ?
Not when at home ; at home a miscreant-crew,
That now no longer serve me, mine the service.
And then that old hereditary bore,
The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
As though I lived to write and wrote to live,
Unrolls his leases for my signature."

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them, and become the slave
Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemploy'd,
But to the wise how precious !—every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed
With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
Console, rejoice, whene'er we turn the leaf

To read them? All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,
Much to be grateful for; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone
Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most
    secure,
And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
Above the clouds, above the firmament,
That Seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction,
    power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having by favour or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride,
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

XVIII.

SORRENTO.

He who sets sail from Naples, when the wind
Blows fragrance from Posilipo may soon

Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,
Land underneath the cliff, where once among
The children gathering shells along the shore,
One laugh'd and play'd, unconscious of his fate;*
His to drink deep of sorrow, and, through life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
Sweeten the labour, when the oar was plied
Or on the Adrian or the Tuscan sea.

There would I linger—then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to Salvator (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
To wander through those awful solitudes)
Nature reveal'd herself. Unveil'd she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty,
As in that elder time, ere Man was made.

There would I linger—then go forth again;
And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
The fishing-town, Amalfi. (58) Haply there
A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
May tell him what it is; but what it was,
Cannot be told so soon.

* Tasso.

                        The time has been,
When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
'T was ask'd and eagerly, at break of dawn,
"What ships are from Amalfi?" when her
        coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime ;
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,
And eastward, through Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.

    Then were the nations by her wisdom sway'd;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments. In her port
Prows, strange, uncouth, from Nile and Niger
        met,
People of various feature, various speech ;
And in their countries many a house of prayer,
And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
And many a well, like Jacob's in the wild,
Rose at her bidding. Then in Palestine,
By the way-side, in sober grandeur stood
An Hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west ; and, when 't was
        ask'd,
" Who are the noble founders ?" every tongue
At once replied, " The merchants of Amalfi."
That Hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
Sent forth its holy men in complete steel ;
And hence, the cowl relinquish'd for the helm,
That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
So long renown'd as champions of the Cross,
In Rhodes, in Malta.

For three hundred years,
There, unapproach'd but from the deep, they
    dwelt;
Assail'd for ever, yet from age to age
Acknowledging no master. From the deep
They gather'd in their harvests; bringing home,
In the same ship, relics of ancient Greece,(59)
That land of glory where their fathers lay,
Grain from the golden vales of Sicily,
And Indian spices. When at length they fell,
Losing their liberty, they left mankind
A legacy, compared with which the wealth
Of Eastern Kings—what is it in the scale ?—
The mariner's compass.

           They are now forgot,
And with them all they did, all they endured,
Struggling with fortune. When Sicardi stood,
And, with a shout like thunder, cried, " Come
    forth,
And serve me in Salerno !" forth they came,
Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
The women wailing, and the heavy oar
Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain; though then the grass of years
Grew in their streets.

           There now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages,
Scatter'd above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark-blue sea,
And glittering through their lemon-groves, an-
    nounce
The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,

A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient land-mark, comes.   Long may it
      last ;
And to the seaman in a distant age,
Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument ! (60)

XIX.

PÆSTUM.

THEY stand between the mountains and the
      sea ;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !*
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of Gods ! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !
Time was perhaps the third was sought for
      Justice ;
And here the accuser stood, and there the
      accused ;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
All silent now !—as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

* The temples of Pæstum are three in number ; and
have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruc-
tion of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them ;
but they must have existed now between two and three
thousand years.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell render'd invisible,
Or, if approach'd, approach'd by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remain d
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced,
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern;
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest
  verdure !

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground—And am I here at last ?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way
  up,
Towns like the living rock from which they
  grew ?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.*

The air is sweet with violets, running wild
'Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his
  thoughts,

* Spartacus. See Plutarch in the life of Crassus

Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,
(Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul)
Sail'd slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slack'd her
      course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might He dream of Glory!—Now, coil'd
      up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and, as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick mo-
      tion,
To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung)

In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.*

Walls of some capital city first appear'd,
Half razed, half sunk, or scatter'd as in scorn;
—And what within them? what but in the
midst
These Three in more than their original
grandeur
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'T is said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds),
'T is said a stranger came, and, with his plow,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose, (61)
Severely great, Neptune, the tutelar God;
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knock'd and enter'd with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and
language.
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sail'd as before, but sailing, cried "For
Pæstum!"

* They are said to have been discovered by accident
about the middle of the last century.

And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses ; while, within,
Parents and children mourn'd—and, every year,
('T was on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again,
Talk'd in the ancient tongue of things gone by.*
At length an Arab climb'd the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night ;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled !
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe†
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate ;
For then the demon works—then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle
          poison
Lulling to sleep ; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are These still standing in the midst ?
The earth has rock'd beneath ; the Thunder-
          stone
Passed through and through, and left its traces
          there,
Yet still they stand as by some Unknown
          Charter !
Oh, they are Nature's own ! and, as allied
To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,
They want no written history ; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of Man !

          * Athenæus, xiv.   † The Mal'aria.

XX.

MONTE CASSINO.

"What hangs behind that curtain?"—
        "Wouldst thou learn?
If thou art wise, thou wouldst not. 'T is by some
Believed to be his master-work, who look'd
Beyond the grave, and on the chapel-wall,
As though the day were come, were come and
        past,
Drew the Last Judgment.*—But the Wisest err.
He who in secret wrought, and gave it life,
For life is surely there and visible change,
Life, such as none could of himself impart,
(They who behold it, go not as they came,
But meditate for many and many a day)
Sleeps in the vault beneath. We know not
        much;
But what we know, we will communicate.
'T is in an ancient record of the House;
And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall!

Once—on a Christmas-eve—ere yet the roof
Rung with the hymn of the Nativity,
There came a stranger to the convent-gate,
And ask'd admittance; ever and anon,
As if he sought what most he fear'd to find,
Looking behind him. When within the walls,
These walls so sacred and inviolable,
Still did he look behind him; oft and long,

* Michael Angelo.
12

With haggard eye and curling, quivering lip,
Catching at vacancy. Between the fits,
For here, 't is said, he linger'd while he lived,
He would discourse, and with a mastery,
A charm by none resisted, none explain'd,
Unfelt before ; but when his cheek grew pale,
All was forgotten. Then, howe'er employed,
He would break off, and start as if he caught
A glimpse of something that would not be gone ;
And turn and gaze, and shrink into himself,
As though the Fiend was there, and, face to face,
Scowl'd o'er his shoulder.

                    Most devout he was ;
Most unremitting in the Services ;
Then, only then, untroubled, unassail'd ;
And, to beguile a melancholy hour,
Would sometimes exercise that noble art
He learnt in Florence ; with a master's hand,
As to this day the Sacristy attests,
Painting the wonders of the Apocalypse.

At length he sunk to rest, and in his cell
Left, when he went, a work in secret done,
The portrait, for a portrait it must be,
That hangs behind the curtain. Whence he
          drew,
None here can doubt : for they that come to
          catch
The faintest glimpse—to catch it and be gone,
Gaze as he gazed, then shrink into themselves,
Acting the self-same part. But why 't was
          drawn,

Whether in penance, to atone for Guilt,
Or to record the anguish Guilt inflicts,
Or haply to familiarize his mind
With what he could not fly from, none can say,
For none could learn the burden of his soul."

XXI.

THE HARPER.

It was a Harper, wandering with his harp,
His only treasure ; a majestic man,
By time and grief ennobled, not subdued ;
Though from his height descending, day by day
And, as his upward look at once betray'd,
Blind as old Homer. At a fount he sate,
Well-known to many a weary traveller ;
His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
But grave, considerate beyond his years,
Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust
In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring ;
And now in silence, as their custom was.
The sun's decline awaited.
                        But the child
Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weigh'd
        down
His eye-lids ; and the grandsire, when we came,
Embolden'd by his love and by his fear,
His fear lest night o'ertake them on the road,
Humbly besought me to convey them both
A little onward. Such small services
Who can refuse ?—Not I ; and him who can,
Blest though he be with every earthly gift,

I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,
Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,
Within a crazed and tatter'd vehicle, (62)
That yet display'd, in old emblazonry,
A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear ; (63)
We lumber'd on together ; the old man
Beguiling many a league of half its length,
When question'd the adventures of his life,
And all the dangers he had undergone ;
His shipwrecks on inhospitable coasts,
And his long warfare.

             They were bound, he said,
To a great fair at Reggio ; and the boy,
Believing all the world were to be there,
And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
And promised me much pleasure. His short
           trance,
Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,
Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawl'd,
Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
And now Luigi) he poured out his heart,
Largely repaying me. At length the sun
Departed, setting in a sea of gold ;
And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
That like the setting would the rising be.

Their harp—it had a voice oracular,
And in the desert, in the crowded street,
Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
Twang'd shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they
          went,

The grandsire, step by step led by the child;
And not a rain-drop from a passing cloud
Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day;
Inspiring joy, and, in the young one's mind,
Brightening a path already full of sunshine.

XXII.

THE FELUCA.

Day glimmer'd; and beyond the precipice
(Which my mule follow'd as in love with fear,
Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining
To tempt the danger where it menaced most),
A sea of vapour roll'd. Methought we went
Along the utmost edge of this, our world;
But soon the surges fled and we descried
Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,
Thy gulf, La Spezzia. Ere the morning-gun,
Ere the first day-streak, we alighted there;
And not a breath, a murmur! Every sail
Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore
Great was the stir; as at the noontide hour,
None unemploy'd. Where from its native rock
A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,
The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,
Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,
Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnace lay
Keel-upward, and the fagot blazed, the tar
Fumed from the chaldron; while, beyond the fort
Whither I wander'd, step by step led on,
The fishers dragg'd their net, the fish within
At every heave fluttering and full of life,

At every heave striking their silver fins
'Gainst the dark meshes.

     Soon a boatman's shout
Re-echoed; and red bonnets on the beach,
Waving, recall'd me. We embark'd and left
That noble haven, where, when Genoa reign'd,
A hundred galleys shelter'd—in the day,
When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
Doria, Pisani fought; that narrow field
Ample enough for glory. On we went,
Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline
  sea, (64)
On from the rising to the setting sun,
In silence—-underneath a mountain-ridge,
Untamed, untamable, reflecting round
The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
Some village and its church, a scanty line,
Athwart the wave gleam'd faintly. Fear of ill
Narrow'd our course, fear of the hurricane,
And that yet greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast
(Where Tripoli and Tunis and Algiers
Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
Gather, whene'er the Crescent comes display'd
Over the Cross) his human merchandise
To many a curious, many a cruel eye
Exposes. Ah, how oft where now the sun
Slept on the shore, have ruthless cimeters
Flash'd through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
Dragg'd forth, ere-long to number them for sale,

Ere-long to part them in their agony,
Parent and child ! How oft where now we rode
Over the billow, has a wretched son,
Or yet more wretched sire, grown grey in chains,
Labour'd, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
Upon the land—the land, that gave him birth ;
And, as he gazed, his homestall through his tears.
Fondly imagined ; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, " Use all your strength!"

But when, ah when, do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting ? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas ! to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this
                    world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,
Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wrong'd them ! Who that
                    breathes
Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible ?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

At length the day departed, and the moon
Rose like another sun, illumining

Waters and woods and cloud-capt promon-
    tories,
Glades for a hermit's cell, a lady's bower,
Scenes of Elysium, such as Night alone
Reveals below, nor often—scenes that fled
As at the waving of a wizard's wand,
And left behind them, as their parting gift,
A thousand nameless odours.   All was still;
And now the nightingale her song pour'd forth
In such a torrent of heart-felt delight,
So fast it flow'd, her tongue so voluble,
As if she thought her hearers would be gone
Ere half was told. 'T was where in the north
    west,
Still unassail'd and unassailable,
Thy pharos, Genoa, first display'd itself,
Burning in stillness on its craggy seat ;
That guiding star, so oft the only one,
When those now glowing in the azure vault,
Are dark and silent. 'T was where o'er the sea,
For we were now within a cable's length,
Delicious gardens hung ; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting ; and, above them all,
A Palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun,
Rose, when Aladdin rubb'd the wondrous lamp;
Such, if not fairer ; and, when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array

The windows blazing. But we now approach'd
A City far-renown'd;* and wonder ceased.

XXIII.

GENOA.

This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he
 lived;
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro
As on his deck. 'T is less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 't is of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better; and 't is now
A house of trade, (65) the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'T is still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa!
And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,
It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'T is in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,
Must come on foot) and in a place of stir;
Men on their daily business, early and late,

* Genoa.

Thronging thy very threshold. But when there,
Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
Thy children, for they hail'd thee as their sire;
And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
Calling them round, thou gavest them more
    than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the
    keeping.
There thou did'st do indeed an act divine;
Nor couldst thou leave thy door or enter in,
Without a blessing on thee.
                Thou art now
Again among them. Thy brave mariners,
They who had fought so often by thy side,
Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back;
And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chamber.

Thine was a glorious course; but couldst thou
    there,
Clad in thy cere-cloth—in that silent vault,
Where thou art gather'd to thy ancestors—
Open thy secret heart and tell us all,
Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess,
A sigh how heavy, that thy happiest hours
Were pass'd before these sacred walls were left,
Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected, (66)
And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up
The ambitious man,* that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.

                * Fiesco.

A FAREWELL.*

AND now farewell to Italy—perhaps
For ever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,
"Farewell for ever!"

           Many a courtesy,
That sought no recompense, and met with none
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced; not a cabin-door,
Go where I would, but open'd with a smile;
From the first hour, when, in my long descent,
Strange perfumes rose, as if to welcome me,
From flowers that minister'd like unseen spirits;
From the first hour, when vintage-songs broke
      forth,
A grateful earnest, and the Southern lakes,
Dazzlingly bright, unfolded at my feet;
They that receive the cataracts, and ere-long
Dismiss them, but how changed—onward to roll
From age to age in silent majesty,
Blessing the nations, and reflecting round
The gladness they inspire.

           Gentle or rude,
No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember—from the Polesine,
Where, when the south-wind blows, and clouds
      on clouds
Gather and fall, the peasant freights his bark,
Mindful to migrate when the king of floods†

* Written at Susa, May 1, 1822.   † The Po.

Visits his humble dwelling, and the kee.,
Slowly uplifted over field and fence,
Floats on a world of waters—from that low,
That level region, where no Echo dwells,
Or, if she comes, comes in her saddest plight.
Hoarse, inarticulate—on to where the path
Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
Is to inhale distemper, if not death;
Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters
　　　　chafe
And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd,
Afflicted, plunge into the stagnant pool,
Nothing discern'd amid the water-leaves,
Save here and there the likeness of a head,
Savage, uncouth; where none in human shape
Come, save the herdsman, levelling his length
Of lance with many a cry, or, Tartar-like,
Urging his steed along the distant hill
As from a danger. There, but not to rest,
I travell'd many a dreary league, nor turn'd
(Ah then least willing, as who had not been?)
When in the South, against the azure sky,
Three temples rose in soberest majesty,
The wondrous work of some heroic race.*

But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
If once again in England, once again
In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
While the wind blusters and the pelting rain

* The Temples of Pæstum.

Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with here.
And wander in Elysium ; many a note
Of wildest melody, magician-like,
Awakening, such as the Calabrian horn,
Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
Pours forth at folding-time ; and many a chant,
Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
From the full choir, when richest harmonies
Break the deep silence of thy glens, La Cava,
To him who lingers there with listening ear.
Now lost and now descending as from Heaven!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE 1, PAGE 15.
————like him of old.

The Abbot of Clairvaux. "To admire or despise St. Bernard as he ought," says Gibbon, "the reader, like myself, should have before the windows of his library that incomparable landscape."

NOTE 2, PAGE 17.
Two dogs of grave demeanour welcomed me.

Berri, so remarkable for his sagacity, was dead. His skin is stuffed, and is preserved in the Museum of Berne.

NOTE 3, PAGE 22.
Bread to the hungry.

They distribute, in the course of the year, from thirty to thirty-five thousand rations of food; receiving travellers of every description.—LE PERE BISELX, *Prieur*.

NOTE 4, PAGE 23.
Dessaix, who turn'd the scale.

"Of all the generals I ever had under me, Dessaix possessed the greatest talents. He loved glory for itself."

(191)

Note 5, Page 28.
——A wondrous monumen.

Almost every mountain of any rank or condition has such a bridge. The most celebrated in this country is on the Swiss side of St. Gothard.

Note 6, Page 35.
——quaffing gramolata.

A sherbet half frozen.

Note 7, Page 37.
Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy.

Petrarch, Epist. Rer. Sen. l. v, ep. 3.

Note 8, Page 37.
Before the great Mastino.

Mastino de la Scala, the Lord of Verona. Cortusia, the ambassador and historian, saw him so surrounded.—L. 6.

This house had been always open to the unfortunate. In the days of Can Grande, all were welcome; Poets, Philosophers, Artists, Warriors. Each had his apartment, each a separate table; and at the hour of dinner, musicians and jesters went from room to room. Dante, as we learn from himself, found an asylum there.

Note 9, Page 40.
In this neglected mirror.

As this is the only instance, with which I am

acquainted, of a Ghost in Italy since Brutus sat in his tent, I give it as I received it ; though in the catastrophe I have been anticipated by a distinguished writer of the present day.

It was first mentioned to me by a friend, as we were crossing the Apennines together.

NOTE 10, PAGE 43.
She was wall'd up within the Castle-wall.

Murato was a technical word for this punishment in Italy.

NOTE 11, PAGE 43.
——Issuing forth.

An old huntsman of the family met her in the haze of the morning, and never went out again.

She is still known by the name of Madonna Bianca.

NOTE 12, PAGE 44.
——the tower of Ezzelin——

Now an Observatory. On the wall there is a long inscription : " Piis carcerem adspergite lacrymis," etc.

Ezzelino is seen by Dante in the river of blood.—*Inferno*, xii.

NOTE 13, PAGE 45.
The lagging mules——

The passage-boats are drawn up and down the Brent.

13

NOTE 14, PAGE 45.
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.

A pleasant instance of his wit and agility was exhibited some years ago on the stage at Venice.

"The stutterer was in an agony; the word was inexorable. It was to no purpose that Harlequin suggested another and another. At length, in a fit of despair, he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house."—See *Moore's View of Society in Italy.*

NOTE 15, PAGE 47.
Ere yet the Cafila came.——

A caravan.

NOTE 16, PAGE 50.
Playing at Mora.

A national game of great antiquity, and most probably the "micare digitis" of the Romans.

NOTE 17, PAGE 50.
——twelve Procurators.

The procuratorship of St. Mark was the second dignity in the Republic.

NOTE 18, PAGE 52.
The brass is gone, the porphyry remains

They were placed in the floor as memorials. The brass was engraven with the words ad-

dressed by the Pope to the Emperor, "Super aspidem," etc.

Note 19, Page 53.
Of the proud Pontiff—

Alexander III. He fled in disguise to Venice, and is said to have passed the first night on the steps of San Salvatore. The entrance is from the Merceria, near the foot of the Rialto ; and it is thus recorded, under his escutcheon, in a small tablet at the door : Alexandro III. Pont. Max. pernoctanti.

Note 20, Page 54.
——some from merry England.

"Recenti victoriâ exultantes," says Petrarch, alluding, no doubt, to the favourable issue of the war in France. This festival began on the 4th of August, 1364.

Note 21, Page 54.
And lo, the madness of the Carnival.

Among those the most followed, there was always a mask in a magnificent habit, relating marvellous adventures, and calling himself Messer Marco Millioni. Millioni was the name given by his fellow-citizens in his life-time to the great traveller, Marco Polo. "I have seen him so described," says Ramusio, "in the records of the Republic ; and his house has, from that time to this, been called La Corte del Millioni," the house of the rich man, the mil-

lionnaire. It is on the canal of S. Giovanni
Chrisostomo; and, as long as he lived, was
much resorted to by the curious and the learned.

NOTE 22, PAGE 56.
And bore away to the canal Orfano.

A deep channel behind the island of S. Giorgo
Maggiore.

NOTE 23, PAGE 58.
All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere.

A Frenchman of high rank, who had been
robbed at Venice, and had complained in con-
versation of the negligence of the Police, was
on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his
gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the
waves. He inquired the reason; and his gon-
doliers pointed to a boat with a red flag, that had
just made them a signal. It arrived; and he
was called on board. "You are the Prince de
Craon? Were you not robbed on Friday even-
ing?—I was.—Of what?—Of five hundred du-
cats.—And where were they?—In a green
purse.—Do you suspect any body?—I do, a
servant.—Would you know him again?—Cer-
tainly." The Interrogator with his foot turned
aside an old cloak that lay there; and the Prince
beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man.
"Take it; and remember that none set their feet
again in a country where they have presumed
to doubt the wisdom of the government."

Note 24, Page 61.

—— and he sung,
As in the time when Venice was herself.

Goldoni, describing his excursion with the Passalacqua, has left us a lively picture of this class of men.

We were no sooner in the middle of that great lagoon which encircles the city than our discreet gondolier drew the curtain behind us, and let us float at the will of the waves.—At length night came on, and we could not tell where we were. "What is the hour?" said I to the gondolier. "I cannot guess, sir; but if I am not mistaken, it is the lover's hour."— "Let us go home," I replied; and he turned the prow homeward, singing as he rowed, the twenty-sixth strophe of the sixteenth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.

Note 25, Page 62.

The young Bianca found her father's door.

Bianca Capello. It had been shut by a baker's boy, as he passed by, at day-break; and in her despair she fled with her lover to Florence, where he fell by assassination. Her beauty, and her love-adventure as here related, her marriage afterwards with the Grand Duke, and that fatal banquet at which they were both poisoned by the Cardinal, his brother, have rendered her history a romance. The Capello Palace is on the Canalé di Canonico; and the postern-door, *la porta di strada*, is still on its hinges. It

opens into one of those narrow alleys so numerous at Venice.

NOTE 26, PAGE 66.
Laid at his feet.——

They were to be seen in the treasury of St. Mark very lately.

NOTE 27, PAGE 70.
——that maid, at once the fairest, noblest.

She was a Contarini; a name coeval with the Republic, and illustrated by eight Doges. On the occasion of their marriage, the Bucentaur came out in its splendour; and a bridge of boats was thrown across the Canal Grandé for the Bridegroom and his retinue of three hundred horse. Sanuto dwells with pleasure on the costliness of the dresses and the magnificence of the processions by land and water. The tournaments in the Place of St. Mark lasted three days, and were attended by thirty thousand people.

NOTE 28, PAGE 71.
I have transgress'd, offended, wilfully.

It was a high crime to solicit the intercession of any foreign Prince.

NOTE 29, PAGE 73.
——the invisible Three.

The State-Inquisitors. For an account of their authority, see page 52.

NOTE 30, PAGE 77.
Neglect to visit Arqua.

This village, says Boccaccio, hitherto almost unknown even at Padua, is soon to become famous through the World; and the sailor on the Adriatic will prostrate himself when he discovers the Euganean hills. "Among them," will he say, "sleeps the Poet who is our glory. Ah, unhappy Florence! You neglected him— You deserved him not."

NOTE 31, PAGE 78.
Half-way up
He built his house.

"I have built among the Euganean hills, a small house decent and proper; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends."

When the Venetians overran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe." "I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua.

His books he left to the Republic of Venice; but they exist no longer. His legacy to Francis Carrara, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

NOTE 32, Page 87.
In this chapel wrought.

A chapel of the Holy Virgin in the church of

the Carmelites. It is adorned with his paintings, and all the great artists of Florence studied there: Lionardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc.

He had no stone, no inscription, says one of his biographers, for he was thought little of in his life-time.

NOTE 33, PAGE 87.
———condemn'd his mortal part
To fire.———

In 1302, he was sentenced, if taken, to be burned.

NOTE 34, PAGE 88.
Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead.

The Chapel de' Depositi; in which are the tombs of the Medici, by Michael Angelo.

NOTE 35, PAGE 88.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.

He died early; living only to become the father of Catharine de Medicis. Had an evil spirit assumed the human shape to propagate mischief, he could not have done better.

The statue is larger than the life, but not so large as to shock belief. It is the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel.

NOTE 36, PAGE 89.
It must be known—the writing on the wall.
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

Perhaps there is nothing in language more af-

fecting than his last testament. It is addressed "To God, the Deliverer," and was found steeped in his blood.

NOTE 37, PAGE 90.
That Cosmo.——

The first Grand Duke.

NOTE 38, PAGE 90.
——the disconsolate Mother.

Of the children that survived her, one fell by a brother, one by a husband, and a third murdered his wife.

But that family was soon to become extinct. It is some consolation to reflect that their country did not go unrevenged for the calamities which they had brought upon her. How many of them died by the hands of each other!——

NOTE 39, PAGE 93.
Came out into the meadows.

Once, on a bright November morning, I set out and traced them, as I conceived, step by step; beginning and ending in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. It was a walk delightful in itself, and in its associations.

NOTE 40, PAGE 94.
The morning-banquet by the fountain-side

Three hours after sun-rise.

NOTE 41, PAGE 96.
There, unseen.

Milton went to Italy in 1638. "There it was," says he, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." "Old and blind," he might have said. Galileo, by his own account, became blind in December, 1637. Milton, as we learn from the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to him, had not left England on the 18th of April following.—See TIRABOSCHI, and WOTTON's *Remains*.

NOTE 42, PAGE 97.
So near the yellow Tiber's—

They rise within thirteen miles of each other.

NOTE 43, PAGE 97.
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring.

It was in this manner that the first Sforza went down, when he perished in the Pescàra.

NOTE 44, PAGE 100.
At the bridge-foot.

Giovanni Buondelmonte was on the point of marrying an Amidei, when a widow of the Donati family made him break his engagement in the manner here described.

The Amidei washed away the affront with his blood, attacking him, says Villani, at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio; and hence the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
Le nozze sue, per gli altrui conforti ! *Dante.*

NOTE 45, PAGE 101.
It had been well, hadst thou slept on, Imelda.

The story is Bolognese, and is told by Cherubino Ghiradacci in his history of Bologna. Her lover was of the Guelphic party, her brothers of the Ghibelline ; and no sooner was this act of violence made known, than an enmity, hitherto but half-suppressed, broke out into open war. The Great Place was a scene of battle and bloodshed for forty successive days ; nor was a reconciliation accomplished till six years afterwards, when the families and their adherents met there once again, and exchanged the kiss of peace before the Cardinal Legate ; as the rival families of Florence had already done in the place of S. Maria Novella. Every house on the occasion was hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers.

NOTE 46, PAGE 101.
————from the wound
Sucking the poison.

The Saracens had introduced among them the practice of poisoning their daggers.

NOTE 47, PAGE 101.
————Yet when Slavery came,
Worse follow'd.

It is remarkable that the noblest works of hu-

man genius have been produced in times of tu-
mult ; when every man was his own master, and
all things were open to all. Homer, Dante,
and Milton appeared in such times ; and we
may add Virgil.

Note 48, Page 102.
Cruel Tophana.

A Sicilian, the inventress of many poisons ;
the most celebrated of which, from its transpa-
rency, was called Acquetta, or Acqua Tophana.

Note 49, Page 104.
Of that old den far up among the hills.

Caffaggiolo, the favourite retreat of Cosmo,
"the father of his country." Eleonora di To-
ledo was stabbed there on the 11th of July,
1576, by her husband, Pietro de' Medici ; and
on the 16th of the same month, Isabella de'
Medici was strangled by hers, Paolo Giordano
Orsini, in his villa of Cerroto. They were at
Florence, when they were sent for, each in her
turn, Isabella under the pretext of a hunting-
party ; and each in her turn went to die.

Isabella was one of the most beautiful and
accomplished women of the age. In the Latin,
French, and Spanish languages, she spoke not
only with fluency, but elegance ; and in her own
she excelled as an Improvisatrice, accompany-
ing herself on the lute. On her arrival at dusk,
Paolo presented her with two beautiful grey-
hounds, that she might make a trial of their

speed in the morning; and at supper was gay beyond measure. When he retired, he sent for her into his apartment; and, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, slipped a cord round her neck.

Eleonora appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required; but, before she set out, took leave of her son, then a child; weeping long and bitterly over him.

Note 50, Page 114.
————the Appian.

The street of the tombs in Pompeii may serve to give us some idea of the Via Appia, that Regina Viarum, in its splendour. It is perhaps the most striking vestige of Antiquity that remains to us.

Note 51, Page 114.
Horace himself.————

And Augustus in his litter, coming at a still slower rate. He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet.—— Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the City he was always two nights on the road.— Suetonius.

Note 52, Page 115.
————the centre of their Universe.

From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the Empire.

Note 53, Page 115.
To the twelve tables.

The laws of the twelve tables were inscribed on pillars of brass, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the Forum.—Dion. Hal.

Note 54, Page 117.
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see.

In the triumph of Æmilius, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept ; nor could any thing else attract notice, till they were gone by.—Plutarch.

Note 55, Page 131.
And architectural pomp, such as none else ;
And dazzling light, and darkness visible.

Whoever has entered the Church of St. Peter's or the Pauline Chapel, during the Exposition of the Holy Sacrament there, will not soon forget the blaze of the altar, or the dark circle of worshippers kneeling in silence before it.

Note 56, Page 134.
'T was in her utmost need ; nor, while she lives.

Her back was at that time turned to the people ; but in his countenance might be read all that was passing. The Cardinal, who officiated, was a venerable old man, evidently unused to the ceremony and much affected by it.

NOTE 57, PAGE 135.
The black pall, the requiem.

Among other ceremonies, a pall was thrown over her, and a requiem sung.

NOTE 58, PAGE 169.
The fishing-town, Amalfi.

"Amalfi fell, after three hundred years of prosperity; but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants."—GIBBON.

NOTE 59, PAGE 171.
——relics of ancient Greece.

Among other things the Pandects of Justinian were found there in 1137. By the Pisans they were taken from Amalfi, by the Florentines from Pisa; and they are now preserved with religious care in the Laurentian Library.

NOTE 60, PAGE 172.
Serve for their monument.

By degrees, says Giannone, they made themselves famous through the world. The Tarini Amalfitani were a coin familiar to all nations; and their maritime code regulated everywhere the commerce of the sea. Many churches in the East were by them built and endowed: by them was first founded in Palestine the most renowed military order of St. John of Jerusa-

lem; and who does not know that the Mariner's Compass was invented by a citizen of Amalfi?

NOTE 61, PAGE 175.
———and Posidonia rose.

Originally a Greek City under that name, and afterwards a Roman City, under the name of Pæstum. See Mitford's Hist. of Greece, chap. x, sec. 2. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

NOTE 62, PAGE 180.
Within a crazed and tatter'd vehicle.

Then degraded and belonging to a Vetturino.

NOTE 63, PAGE 180.
A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear.

A Florentine family of great antiquity. In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetty we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield and departed, saying, "Paint me my arms in that shield;" and that Giotto, looking after him, exclaimed—"Who is he? What is he? He says, Paint me my arms, as if he was one of the Bardi! What arms does he bear?"

NOTE 64, PAGE 182.
Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea.

The Feluca is a large boat for rowing and sailing, much used in the Mediterranean.

NOTE 65, PAGE 185.
A house of trade.

When I saw it in 1822, a basket-maker lived on the ground-floor, and over him a seller of chocolate.

NOTE 66, PAGE 186.
Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected.

Alluding to the Palace which he built afterwards and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is the most magnificent edifice on the bay of Genoa.

HUMAN LIFE.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Ringing of bells in a neighbouring Village on the birth of an heir—General Reflections on Human Life—The Subject Proposed—Childhood—Youth—Manhood—Love—Marriage—Domestic Happiness and Affliction—War—Peace—Civil Dissension—Retirement from active Life—Old Age and its Enjoyments—Conclusion.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky:
The bees have humm'd their noon-tide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their
        prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire,
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
    A few short years—and then these sounds
        shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale now brew'd, in floods of amber shine:

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And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'T was on these knees he sate so oft and
       smiled."
    And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the
       trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter d round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.
    And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are
       seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went be-
       fore.
    And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!
    Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire ;

And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
Of Elfin-size—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!
We grow in wisdom, and in stature too!
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forget, how oft the eye-lids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gather'd rose!
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
So like what once we were, and once again
  shall be.

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how alter'd, not the scene!
Now journeying home with nothing but the
  name!
Wayworn and spent, another and the same!

No eye observes the growth or the decay:
To-day we look as we did yesterday;
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day:
Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow
  grey!
And in her glass could she but see the face
She'll see so soon amidst another race,
How would she shrink!—Returning from afar,
After some years of travel, some of war,

Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown
Before a wife, a father, and a son!
  And such is Human Life, the general theme.
Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream?
Though with such wild romantic wanderings
      fraught,
Such forms in Fancy's richest colouring
      wrought,
That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er
      again?
  Our pathway leads but to a precipice;
And all must follow, fearful as it is!
From the first step 't is known; but—No delay!
On, 't is décreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go.
—" Still, could I shun the fatal gulf "—Ah, no,
'T is all in vain—the inexorable law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers in-
    vite,
And groves and fountains—all things that de-
    light
" Oh, I would stop, and linger if I might!"—
We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
And dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears—but one step more!
We faint—On, on!—we falter—and 't is o'er!
  Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold
Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire

That will not, cannot but with life expire !
  Now, seraph-wing'd, among the stars we
      soar ;
Now, distant ages, like a day, explore,
And judge the act, the actor now no more ;
Or, in a thankless hour condemn'd to live,
From others claim what these refuse to give,
And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.
  Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self
     resign'd,
What will not Man encounter for Mankind ?
Behold him now unbar the prison-door,
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,
To Peace and Health, and Light and Life
     restore ;
Now in Thermopylæ remain to share
Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,
Leaving his story to the birds of air ;
And now like Pylades (in Heaven they write
Names such as his in characters of light)
Long with his friend in generous enmity,
Pleading, insisting in his place to die !
  Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
But if by chance an object strike the sense,
The faintest shadow of that Excellence,
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame ;
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name .
And some, not here call'd forth, may slumber on

Till this vain pageant of a world is gone ;
Lying too deep for things that perish here,
Waiting for life—but in a nobler sphere !

    Look where he comes ! Rejoicing in his birth,
Awhile he moves as in a heaven on earth !
Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky
To him shine out as 't were a galaxy !
But soon 't is past—the light has died away !
With him it came (it was not of the day)
And he himself diffused it, like the stone
That sheds awhile a lustre all its own,
Making night beautiful. 'T is past, 't is gone,
And in his darkness as he journeys on
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

    How great the Mystery ! Let others sing
The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.
Man through the changing scene let me pursue,
Himself how wondrous in his changes too !
Not Man the sullen savage in his den ;
But Man call'd forth in fellowship with men ;
School'd and train'd up to Wisdom from his
    birth ;
God's noblest work—His image upon earth !

    The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and
    fear'd ;
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !

He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom
    press'd,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
  Her by her smile how soon the Stranger
    knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss
    impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!
  But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!—
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye — now many a written
    thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to re-
    peat.
  Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow—follow through the sky!

Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his
    chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!
    Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the
    ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are MY Jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"
    Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reveres
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of
    Years;
Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven;
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or
    blame,
At once lit up as with a holy flame!

He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire;
And soon with tears relinquish'd to the Sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Hold secret converse with the Mighty Dead;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire!
Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,
Crown'd but to die—who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the
        sun!

    Then is the age of Admiration—Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men,
Who breathe the soul of Inspiration round,
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground!
Ah, then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire!
Then from within a voice exclaims "Aspire!"
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass;
They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age—the living and the dead!
Thou, all-accomplish'd Surrey, thou art known;
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as
        blown!
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone!
And, with his beaver up, discovering there
One who lov'd less to conquer than to spare,
Lo the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent!
Young B—— in the groves of Academe,

Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream;
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless
    hum,
Dreaming old dreams—a joy for years to come;
Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane;—
Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in
    vain:
And Milton's self (at that thrice-honoured name
Well may we glow—as men, we share his
    fame)—
And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows nor what—that shall not die!
  Oh in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats
    high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
But every step is on enchanted ground;
Danger thou lovest, and Danger haunts thee
    round.
  Who spurs his horse against the mountain-
    side;
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
Draws, and cries ho; and, where the sun-beams
    fall,
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
Who dances without music; and anon
Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe-begone,
And folds his arms, and, where the willows
    wave,
Glides in the moon-shine by a maiden's grave?
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow:

Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.
   He hears me not—Those sighs were from the
      heart ;
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
Lie at her feet, and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
A banish'd man, flying when none are near ;
And writes on every tree, and lingers long
Where most the nightingale repeats her song ;
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent
      grove,
Delights to syllable the names we love.
   Two on his steps attend, in motly clad ;
One woeful-wan, one merrier yet as mad ;
Called Hope and Fear. Hope shakes his cap and
      bells,
And flowers spring up among the woodland
      dells.
To Hope he listens, wandering without measure
Through sun and shade, lost in a trance of plea-
      sure ;
And, if to Fear but for a weary mile,
Hope follows fast and wins him with a smile.
   At length he goes—a Pilgrim to the Shrine
And for a relic would a world resign !
A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall—
What though the least, Love consecrates them
      all !

And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse
At early matins ('t was at matin-time
That first he saw and sicken'd in his prime),
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,
Plays with young hearts that will not be con-
    troll'd.
   " Absence from Thee—as self from self it
      seems !"
Scaled is the garden-wall ! and lo, her beams
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.
—Oh, ere in sight he came, 't was his to thrill
A heart that loved him though in secret still.
" Am I awake ? or is it—can it be
An idle dream ? Nightly it visits me !
—That strain," she cries, " as from the water
    rose
Now near and nearer through the shade it
    flows !—
Now sinks departing—sweetest in its close !"
No casement gleams ; no Juliet, like the day,
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.
Still, like aerial music heard from far,
Nightly it rises with the evening-star.
   —"She loves another! Love was in that sigh!"
On the cold ground he throws himself to die.
Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most de-
    ceiving.
Who wish are fearful ; who suspect, believing.
—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow
Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now !

She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his
    cause ;
Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws ;
But by some secret Power surprised, subdued
(Ah how resist ? Nor would she if she could),
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.
   Then come those full confidings of the past ;
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other ; and when Night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents
    are !
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing !—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words : and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly ! As departs the day
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven !
   Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the
    hours
Till her young Sisters wreathe her hair in flowers
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppress'd
Then before All they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,

His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing,
Winning him back, when mingling in the
          throng,
Back from a world we love, alas, too long,
To fire-side happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—
          pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
   Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling
          boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and
          joy
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are
          still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful! He, when the sky
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,

When, gathering round his bed, they climb to
    share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
That gave him back his words of pleasantry—
When the House stood, no merrier man than
    he!
And, as they wander with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarl'd oak, and look and climb
    again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them
    all;
These with unequal footsteps following fast,
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.
    The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart sea-man, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day!
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,

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The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame !
    What then a Father's feelings ? Joy and Fear
Prevail in turn, Joy most ; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly—from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his Praise.
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves !
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane ?
Who, when He slumbers hope to fix a stain ?
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they
        go,
Some men may pause and say, when some ad-
        mire,
" They are his sons, and worthy of their sire !"
    But Man is born to suffer.   On the door
Sickness has set her mark ; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming
        fire.
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken.   Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye :

HUMAN LIFE.

While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die!
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
And, when recall'd to join the blest above,
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

At length the Father, vain his power to save,
Follows his child in silence to the grave,
(That child how cherish'd, whom he would not
    give,
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live!)
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust" is said,
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief
Consoling others in that hour of grief,
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.
—But hark, the din of arms! no time for sor-
    row
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!

One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die !—.
He goes, and Night comes on as it never came.
With skrieks of horror !—and a vault of flame !
And lo ! when morning mocks the desolate,
Red runs the river by ; and at the gate
Breathless a horse without his rider stands !
But hush !—a shout from the victorious bands !
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored !
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival ;
While She best-loved. till then forsaken never,
Clings round his neck as she would cling forever!

   Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
Days of domestic peace—by him who plays
On the great stage how uneventful thought ;
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
A thousand incidents that stir the mind
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind !
Such as the heart delights in—and records
Within how silently—in more than words !
A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
With quips and cranks—what time the wood-
          lark there
Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,
What time the king-fisher sits perch'd below,
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow :—
A Wake—the booths whitening the village-
          green,
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen

Sign beyond sign in close array unfurl'd,
Picturing at large the wonders of the world;
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
All, all abroad, and music in the gale:—
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light;
When the young bride receives the promised
          dower,
And flowers are flung, herself a fairer flower:—
A morning visit to the poor man's shed,
(Who would be rich while One was wanting
          bread?)
When all are emulous to bring relief,
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief:—
A Walk in Spring—Grattan, like those with
          thee,
By the heath-side (who had not envied me?)
When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon;
And thou didst say which of the Great and
          Wise,
Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,
Thou wouldst call up and question.
                                        Graver things
Come in their turn. Morning, and Evening,
          brings
Its holy office; and the sabbath-bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy,
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues

The pathway leading through the aged yews,
Nor unattended ; and, when all are there,
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,
That House with many a funeral-garland hung
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were
          ringing,
And hope and joy in other hearts were springing ;
That house, where Age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things
          above,
The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven——
Who would not say they trod the path to
          Heaven ?
  Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—
Under the elm-tree on his level lawn,
Or in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for Justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drown'd
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,
Like Alfred judging at his palace-gate.
Heal'd at his touch, the wounds of discord close ;
And they return as friends, that came as foes.
  Thus, while the world but claims its proper
          part,
Oft in the head, but never in the heart,
His life steals on ; within his quiet dwelling
That home-felt joy all other joys excelling.
Sick of the crowd, when enters he—nor then
Forgets the cold indifference of men ?
  —Soon through the gadding vine the sun
          looks in,

And gentle hands the breakfast-rite begin.
Then the bright kettle sings its matin-song,
Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong
Blend as they rise ; and (while without are seen
Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green ;
And in from far a school-boy's letter flies,
Flushing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)
That sheet unfolds (who reads, that reads it not ?)
Born with the day and with the day forgot ;
Its ample page various as human life,
The pomp, the woe, the bustle and the strife !
  But nothing lasts.   In Autumn at his plow
Met and solicited, behold him now
Leaving that humbler sphere his fathers knew,
The sphere that Wisdom loves—and Virtue too,
She who subsists not on the vain applause
Misjudging man now gives and now withdraws.
  'T was morn—the sky-lark o'er the furrow
    sung,
As from his lips the slow consent was wrung ;
As from the glebe his fathers till'd of old,
The plow they guided in an age of gold,
Down by the beech-wood side he turn'd away :—
And now behold him in an evil day
Serving the State again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,—
But in the Senate : and (though round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,
With honest dignity, with manly sense,
And every charm of natural eloquence,
Like Hampden struggling in his Country's
    cause,

The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
Careless of ruin—(" For the general good
'T is not the first time I shall shed my blood.")
On through that gate misnamed, through which
        before
Went Sidney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
On into twilight within walls of stone,
Then to the place of trial; and alone,
Alone before his judges in array
Stands for his life : there, on that awful day,
Counsel of friends—all human help denied—
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russel's side,
Under the Judgment-seat,—But guilty men
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
Again with honour to his hearth restored,
Lo, in the accustom'd chair and at the board,
Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their
        claim,
(The lowliest servant calling by his name)
He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
All met as at a holy festival !
—On the day destined for his funeral !
Lo, there the Friend, who entering where he
        lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear, " Away, away !
Take thou my cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—
Take it and leave me." And the blushing
        Maid,

Who through the streets as through a desert
        stray'd ;
And, when her dear, dear Father pass'd along,
Would not be held—but, bursting through the
        throng,
Halberd and battle-axe—kiss'd him o'er and
        o'er ;
Then turn'd and went—then sought him as
        before,
Believing she should see his face no more !
And oh, how changed at once—no heroine here,
But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,
Her darling Mother ! 'Twas but now she
        smiled,
And now she weeps upon her weeping child
—But who sits by, her only wish below
At length fulfill'd—and now prepared to go ?
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night
She gazes on him with imperfect sight ;
Her glory now, as ever her delight !
To her, methinks, a second Youth is given ;
The light upon her face a light from Heaven !

    An hour like this is worth a thousand pass'd
In pomp or ease—'T is present to the last !
Years glide away untold—'T is still the same !
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came !

    And now once more where most he loved to be
In his own fields—breathing tranquility—
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee !
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child !

Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the
    spray
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
I saw the sun go down!—Ah, then 't was
    thine
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakspear's or Dryden's—through the chequer'd
    shade
Borne in thy hand behind thee as we stray'd;
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)
To read there with a fervour all thy own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse—Thy bell has
    toll'd!
—But in thy place among us we behold
One who resembles thee.
               'T is the sixth hour.
The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.
The plowman leaves the field; the traveller
    hears,
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears
Her sweetest smile; the day-star in the west
Yet hovering, and the thistle's down at rest.
  And such, his labour done, the calm He
    knows,
Whose footsteps we have follow'd. Round him
    glows
An atmosphere that brightens to the last

The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,
—And from the Future too! Active in Thought
Among old books old friends ; and not un-
        sought
By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
He muses, turning up the idle weed ;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving-time ; and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,
'Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.
    At night, when all, assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revell'd unrestrain'd,
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs reign'd :—
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas
Immovable—for ever there to freeze !
Or some great caravan, from well to well
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,
To Mecca from the land of Pyramids,
And in an instant lost—a hollow wave
Of burning sand their everlasting grave !—
Now the scene shifts to Venice—to a square
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,

Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
Answering the jest, the song on every side;
To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement
　　　wait,
Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire!—
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it
　　　not?)
From lute or organ! 'T is at parting given,
That in their slumbers they may dream of
　　　Heaven;
Young voices mingling as it floats along,
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song!

　　And She inspires, whose beauty shines in all;
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,
And at the nuptial rite smile through her
　　　tears;—
So soon to hover round her full of fears,
And with assurance sweet her soul revive
In child-birth—when a mother's love is most
　　　alive.

　　No, 't is not here that Solitude is known,
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another. Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still;
The cricket on his hearth; the buzzing fly
That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,
Still with its note of gladness passes by:
And, in an iron cage condemn'd to dwell,
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,

He feeds his spider—happier at the worst
Than he at large who in himself is curst.
  O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast
    shed
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
"Look up, and faint not—faint not, but re-
    joice!"
From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now
Stamp'd with its signet that ingenious brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climb'd so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is
    flung,
When side by side the archer's bows are
    strung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envying no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are wise;
His a delight how pure—without alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!
  Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their
    replies,

Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit : and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is ! His thoughts flow fast,
And, while his heart (oh can the heart grow old ?
False are the tales that in the World are told !)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end ;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own,
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone
      before,
He gathers round him ; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment
      still—
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy.
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think on them !

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending ;
Sustain'd, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redress'd,
Those by the World shunn'd ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the
      gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,

Come and stand round—the widow with her
    child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled !
They, who watch by him, see not ; but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these ?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears !
   'T is past! That hand we grasp'd, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again !
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close !
   Then was the drama ended.   Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy.   Then secure
From pain, from grief, from all that we endure,
He slept in peace--say rather soar'd to Heaven,
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 't is
    given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity.
—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone ;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallow'd night,
Who sate and watch'd in raiment heavenly-
    bright ;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen !

But the day is spent ,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance ;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power
          pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few ;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire ;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair ;
And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

PREFACE.

EVERY reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, and Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived and where they dwelt; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in Painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table; and his suppers, like Plato's, "non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt." But when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English Imitator thought and felt, perhaps, more correctly on the subject; and embellished

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his garden and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice. On the ornaments of his house he is silent; and he appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting-room of Timon. "Le savoir de notre siècle," says Rousseau, "tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu'à édifier. On censure d'un ton de maitre; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre."

It is the design of this Epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent Economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means: while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

ARGUMENT.

An invitation—The approach to a Villa described—Its situation—Its few apartments—furnished with casts from the Antique, etc.—The dining-room—the library —A cold-bath—A winter-walk—A summer-walk—The invitation renewed—Conclusion

WHEN, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind

Has class'd the insect-tribes of human kind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle net-work, or its venom'd sting;
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point out the green lane rough with fern and
        flowers;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field,
And the white front through mingling elms re-
    veal'd.
    In vain, alas, a village-friend invites
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee in its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo, majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.
    Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses
        seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless
        flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass
Browsing the hedge by fits the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight,
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,

With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires:
Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:
And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April-verdure springs in Grosvenor-
       square,
And the furr'd Beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Though moons and flambeaux trail their broad-
       est blaze,
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song,
Though evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel;
The ready smile and hidden blush employ
At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted
       gold;

Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home
    requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.
    What though no marble breathes, no canvass
    glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy Gallery, Florence, gilds my humble
    walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!
    Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
O mark! again the courses of the Sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run!
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!
    But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;
And still the Few best loved and most revered

Rise round the board their social smile endear'd!
  Selected shelves shall claim thy studious
     hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre
    streams,
Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts
    compare.
—Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;
Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse
    sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat!
  Though my thatch'd bath no rich Mosaic
    knows,
A limped stream with unfelt current flows,
Emblem of Life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!
The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,
The strength and beauty that its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his
    tears.
There, Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet
    surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise!
  Far from the joyless glare, the maddening
    strife,

And all the dull impertinence of life,
These eye-lids open to the rising ray,
And close, when nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape
        glows;
There noon-day levees call from faint repose.
Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting
        light;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student
        steals,
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed—while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land!
And (though perchance of current coin possest,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest Youths, forgive the fabling
        page,
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning play'd.
Ah! what their strange supplies, their wild
        delight!
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!
In a new world they wake as from the dead;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!
    O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge
        health!
    Long, in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,

With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.
    No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.
Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,
Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;
And there I trace, when the gray evening lours,
A silent chronicle of happier hours!
    When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when Frost the wizard
        flings;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus wooes,
Screened from the arrowy North; and duly
        hies,
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies;
To range the murmuring market-place, and
        view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.
    When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through
        the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;

Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the West-wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,
To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite re-
       strain;
And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought,—the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves
       invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light!
With wine, as rich in years as HORACE sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (O could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives
       glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,

Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless
   flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.
   Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught through St. James's groves a blush of
   day ;
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Though skill'd alike to dazzle and to please ;
Though each gay scene be search'd with
   anxious eye,
Nor thy shut door be pass'd without a sigh.
   If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee,
   explore ;
Invoke the lares of this loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet ;
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
Some grey domestic prompts the partial praise)
" Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest ;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page,
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.
Through each he roves the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away !"

JACQUELINE.

I.

'T WAS Autumn; through Provence had ceased
The vintage, and the vintage-feast.
The sun had set behind the hill,
The moon was up, and all was still,
And from the convent's neighbouring tower
The clock had toll'd the midnight-hour,
When Jacqueline came forth alone,
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown;
A guilty thing and full of fears,
Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
She starts, and what has caught her eye?
What—but her shadow gliding by?
She stops, she pants; with lips apart
She listens—to her beating heart!
Then, through the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind;
Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here,
Her father's house of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.
At such an hour in such a night,

So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confess'd
It looked as all within were blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas, who can restore her?—
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves
And now the world is all before her.

Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone,
And Jacqueline, his child, was gone!
Oh what the madd'ning thought that came?
Dishonour coupled with his name!
By Condé at Rocroy he stood;
By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood;
Two banners of Castile he gave
Aloft in Notre Dame to wave;
Nor did thy Cross, St. Louis, rest
Upon a purer, nobler breast.
He slung his old sword by his side,
And snatch'd his staff and rush'd to save;
Then sunk—and on his threshold cried,
" Oh lay me in my grave!
—Constance! Claudine! where were ye then?
But stand not there. Away! away!
Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.
Though old, and now forgot of men,
Both must not leave him in a day."
Then, and he shook his hoary head,
" Unhappy in thy youth!" he said.
" Call as thou wilt, thou call'st in vain;
No voice sends back thy name again.
To mourn is all thou hast to do;
Thy play-mate lost, and teacher too."

And who but she could soothe the boy,
Or turn his tears to tears of joy?
Long had she kiss'd him as he slept,
Long o'er his pillow hung and wept;
And, as she pass'd her father's door,
She stood as she would stir no more.
But she is gone, and gone for ever!
No, never shall they clasp her—never!
They sit and listen to their fears;
And he, who through the breach had led
Over the dying and the dead,
Shakes if a cricket's cry he hears!

Oh! she was good as she was fair;
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said "rejoice,"
Her coming was a gladness;
And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her down-cast look 't was heaven to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted,
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent!
Ask what they woild, 't was granted.
Her father loved her as his fame;
—And Bayard's self had done the same!
Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung and sung again,

Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumber'd to a song,
But she is dead to him, to all!
Her lute hangs silent on the wall;
And on the stairs, and at the door
Her fairy-step is heard no more!
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there;
She, who would lead him where he went,
Charm with her converse while he leant;
Or, hovering, every wish prevent;
At eve light up the chimney-nook,
Lay there his glass within his book;
And that small chest of curious mould,
(Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old,)
Tusk of elephant and gold;
Which, when a tale is long, dispenses
Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.
In her who mourn'd not, when they miss'd **her**
The old a child, the young a sister?
No more the orphan runs to take
From her loved hand the barley-cake.
No more the matron in the school
Expects her in the hour of rule,
To sit amid the elfin brood,
Praising the busy and the good.
The widow trims her hearth in vain,
She comes not—nor will come again!
Not now, his little lesson done,
With Frederic blowing bubbles in the **sun;**
Nor spinning by the fountain-side,

(Some story of the days of old,
Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told
To him who would not be denied ;)
Not now, to while an hour away,
Gone to the falls in Valombrè,
Where 't is night at noon of day ;
Nor wandering up and down the wood,
To all but her a solitude,
Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
Her chaplet on his antlers wore,
And at her bidding stood.

II.

The day was in the golden west ;
And, curtain'd close by leaf and flower,
The doves had cooed themselves to rest
In Jacqueline's deserted bower ;
The doves—that still would at her casement
        peck,
And in her walks had ever flutter'd round
With purple feet and shining neck,
True as the echo to the sound.
That casement, underneath the trees,
Half open to the western breeze,
Look'd down, enchanting Garonnelle,
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,
Round which the Alps of Peidmont rose,
The blush of sun-set on their snows :
While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,
When green and yellow waves the corn,
When harebells blow in every grove,

And thrushes sing " I love ! I love !"*
Within (so soon the early rain
Scatters, and 't is fair again ;
Though many a drop may yet be seen
To tell us where a cloud has been)
Within lay Frederic, o'er and o'er
Building castles on the floor,
And feigning, as they grew in size,
New troubles and new dangers ;
With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
As he and Fear were strangers.

St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.
His eyes were on his loved Montaigne ;
But every leaf was turn'd in vain.
Then in that hour remorse he felt,
And his heart told him he had dealt
Unkindly with his child.
A father may awhile refuse ;
Yet who can for another choose ?
When her young blushes had reveal'd
The secret from herself conceal'd,
Why promise what her tears denied,
That she should be De Courcy's bride ?
—Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou art,
O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,
And with the hand compel the heart ?
Oh rather, rather hope to bind
The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind ;
Or fix thy foot upon the ground

* Cantando " Io amo ! Io amo !—*Tasso.*

To stop the planet rolling round.
  The light was on his face ; and there
You might have seen the passions driven—
Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair—
Like clouds across the face of Heaven.
Now he sigh'd heavily ; and now,
His hand withdrawing from his brow,
He shut the volume with a frown,
To walk his troubled spirit down :
—When (faithful as that dog of yore*
Who wagg'd his tail and could no more)
Manchon, who long had snuff'd the ground,
And sought and sought, but never found,
Leapt up and to the casement flew,
And look'd and bark'd and vanish'd through.
"''T is Jacqueline ! 'T is Jacqueline '''
Her little brother laughing cried.
"I know her by her kirtle green,
She comes along the mountain-side ;
Now turning by the traveller's seat,—
Now resting in the hermit's cave,—
Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,
To the cross on the stranger's grave.
And by the soldier's cloak, I know
(There, there along the ridge they go)
D'Arcy, so gentle and so brave !
Look up—why will you not ?" he cries
His rosy hands before his eyes ;
For on that incense-breathing eve
The sun shone out, as loth to leave.

* Argus.
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" See to the rugged rock she clings !
She calls, she faints, and D'Arcy springs
D'Arcy so dear to us, to all ;
Who, for you told me on your knee,
When in the fight he saw you fall,
Saved you for Jacqueline and me !"
    And true it was ! And true the tale !
When did she sue and not prevail ?
Five years before—it was the night
That on the village-green they parted,
The lilied banners streaming bright
O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted ;
The drum—it drown'd the last adieu,
When D'Arcy from the crowd she drew.
" One charge I have, and one alone,
Nor that refuse to take,
My father—if not for his own,
Oh for his daughter's sake !"
Inly he vow'd—"'t was all he could !"
And went and seal'd it with his blood.
    Nor can ye wonder.   When a child,
And in her playfulness she smiled,
Up many a ladder-path* he guided
Where meteor-like the chamois glided,
Through many a misty grove.
They loved—but under Friendship's name
And Reason, Virtue fann'd the flame ;
Till in their houses Discord came,
And 't was a crime to love.
Then what was Jacqueline to do ?

*Called in the language of the country *pas de l' Echelie*.

Her father's angry hours she knew,
And when to soothe, and when persuade;
But now her path De Courcy cross'd,
Led by his falcon through the glade—
He turn'd, beheld, admired the maid;
And all her little arts were lost!
De Courcy, lord of Argentiere!
Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,
Thy thirst for vengeance sought the snare
The day was named, the guests invited;
The bridegroom, at the gate, alighted;
When up the windings of the dell
A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,
And lo, an humble Peidmontese,
Whose music might a lady please,
This message through the lattice bore,
(She listen'd, and her trembling frame
Told her at once from whom it came)
" Oh let us fly—to part no more!"

III.

That morn ('t was in Ste Julienne's cell,
As at Ste Julienne's sacred well
     Their dream of love began),
That morn, ere many a star was set,
Their hands had on the altar met
     Before the holy man.
—And now the village gleams at last;
The woods, the golden meadows pass'd,
Where, when Toulouse, thy splendour shone
The Troubadour would journey on
Transported—or, from grove to grove,

Framing some roundelay of love,
Wander till the day was gone.
" All will be well, my Jacqueline
Oh tremble not—but trust in me
The good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are sweeter still;
And gloomy as thy past has been,
Bright shall thy future be !"
So saying, through the fragrant shade
Gently along he led the maid,
While Manchon round and round her play'd:
And, as that silent glen they leave,
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,
Where glow-worms light their lamps at eve,
And fairies dance—in fairy-land,
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals round,
Her finger on her lip, to see ;
And many an acorn-cup is found
Under the greenwood tree)
From every cot above, below,
They gather as they go—
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,
The housewife's prayer, the grandam's blessing!
Girls that adjust their locks of jet,
And look and look and linger yet,
The lovely bride caressing ;
Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,
And heroes he had led to fame.
    But what felt D'Arcy, when at length
Her father's gate was open flung ?
Ah, then he found a giant's strength ;
For round him, as for life she clung !

And when, her fit of weeping o'er,
Onward they moved a little space,
And saw an old man sitting at the door,
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye
That seem'd to gaze on vacancy,
Then, at the sight of that beloved face,
At once to fall upon his neck she flew ;
But—not encouraged—back she drew,
And trembling stood in dread suspense,
Her tears her only eloquence !
All, all—the while—an awful distance keeping ;
Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs ;
And one, his little hand in hers,
Who weeps to see his sister weeping.
    Then Jacqueline the silence broke.
She clasp'd her father's knees and spoke,
Her brother kneeling too ;
While D'Arcy as before look'd on,
Though from his manly cheek was gone
Its natural hue.
" His praises from your lips I heard,
Till my fond heart was won ;
And, if in aught his Sire has err'd,
Oh turn not from the Son !—
She, whom in joy, in grief you nursed ;
Who climb'd and call'd you father first,
By that dear name conjures—
On her you thought—but to be kind !
When look'd you up, but you inclined ?
These things, for ever in her mind,
Oh are they gone from yours ?
Two kneeling at your feet behold ·

One—one how young;—nor yet the other old.
Oh spurn them not—nor look so cold—
If Jacqueline be cast away,
Her bridal be her dying day.
Well, well might she believe in you!—
She listen'd, and she found it true."

He shook his aged locks of snow;
And twice he turn'd, and rose to go.
She hung; and was St. Pierre to blame,
If tears and smiles together came?
"Oh no—begone! I'll hear no more."
But as he spoke his voice relented.
"That very look thy mother wore
When she implored, and old Le Roc consented;
True, I have done as well as suffer'd wrong,
Yet once I loved him as my own!
—Nor can'st thou, D'Arcy, feel resentment
        long;
For she herself shall plead, and I atone.
Henceforth," he paused awhile, unmann'd,
For D'Arcy's tears bedew'd his hand;
"Let each meet each as friend to friend,
All things by all forgot, forgiven.
And that dear Saint—may she once more de-
        scend
To make our home a heaven!—
But now, in my hands, your's with her's unite.
A father's blessing on your heads alight!
————Nor let the least be sent away.
All hearts shall sing ' Adieu to sorrow!'
St. Pierre has found his child to-day;
And old and young shall dance to-morrow."

Had Louis* then before the gate dismounted,
Lost in the chase at set of sun;
Like Henry, when he heard recounted†
The generous deeds himself had done,
(That night the miller's maid Golette
Sung, while he supp'd her chansonnette)
Then—when St. Pierre address'd his village-
    train,
Then had the monarch with a sigh confess'd,
A joy by him unsought and unpossess'd,
—Without it what are all the rest ?—
To love and to be loved again.

    *Louis the Fourteenth.
    † Alluding to a popular story related of Henry the
Fourth of France ; similar to ours of " The King and Mil
ler of Mansfield."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SAILOR.

The Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feed his eye once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear. domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To see the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;

And when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the
     gale,
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'T is she, 't is she herself! she waves her
     hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furl'd;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs
     to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

———◆———

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, 1786.

WHILE through the broken pane the tempest
     sighs,
And my step falters on the faithless floor,
Shades of departed joys around me rise,
With many a face that smiles on me no more;
With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,
Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave!

TO TWO SISTERS.*

WELL may you sit within, and, fond of grief,
Look in each other's face, and melt in tears.
Well may you shun all counsel, all relief.
Oh she was great in mind, though young in
    years!

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed
Light when she spoke, and kindled sweet sur-
    prise,
As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,
Play'd round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade
Still to the last enliven'd and endear'd.
Those eyes at once her secret soul convey'd,
And ever beam'd delight when you appear'd.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,
That youthful Hope in bright perspective drew?
False were the tints! false as the feverish glow
That o'er her burning cheek distemper threw!

And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves!
(Glory and joy reserv'd for you to share.)
Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves
Than they, alas! unconscious of her care.

* On the death of a younger sister.

TO AN OLD OAK.

Immota manet; multosque nepotes,
Multa virum volvens durando sæcula, vincit. *Virg*

Round thee, alas, no shadows move !
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
    And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd ;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
    His brow the hero cross'd !

Then Culture came, and days serene ;
And village-sports, and garlands gay.
Full many a pathway cross'd the green ;
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
    To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught !
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep
    Opening new spheres of thought !
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Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise ;
And, planting there the guardian spell
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
    Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening-sky ;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
    Of him who came to die !

———◆———

FROM EURIPEDES.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village-girls, singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun.   There first I saw her
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
'T was heaven to look upon ; and her sweet
        voice
As tunable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul !

————

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees ;
And all, who know it, come and come again.
The small birds build there ; and at summer-noon
Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
As in the shining grass she sate conceal'd
Sing to herself   *   *   *

TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.*

Vane, quid affectus faciem mihi ponere, pictor?
Aeris et linguæ sum filia;
Et, si vis similem pingere, pinge sonem. *Ausonius.*

ONCE more, Enchantress of the soul,
Once more we hail thy soft control.
—Yet whither, whither didst thou fly?
To what bright region of the sky?
Say, in what distant star to dwell?
(Of other worlds thou seem'st to tell!)
Or trembling, fluttering here below,
Resolved and unresolved to go,
In secret didst thou still impart
Thy raptures to the pure in heart?
    Perhaps to many a desert shore,
Thee, in his rage, the Tempest bore;
Thy broken murmurs swept along,
'Mid Echoes yet untuned by song;
Arrested in the realms of Frost,
Or in the wilds of Ether lost.
    Far happier thou! 't was thine to soar
Careering on the winged wind.
Thy triumphs who shall dare explore?
Suns and their systems left behind.
No tract of space, no distant star,

* In the winter of 1805.

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No shock of elements at war,
Did thee detain.   Thy wing of fire
Bore thee amidst the Cherub-choir;
And there awhile to thee 't was given
Once more that Voice* beloved to join,
Which taught thee first a flight divine,
And nursed thy infant years with many a
     strain from Heaven!

————◆——

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystalize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,

* Mrs Sheridan's.

When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ON —— ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile.
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast.

* The law of gravitation

—And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee !
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary !

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

" SAY, what remains when Hope is fled ?"
She answer'd, " Endless weeping !"
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.
    At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell ;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore ;
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more !
'T was but a step ! the gulf he pass'd ;
But that step—it was his last !
As through the mist he wing'd his way
(A cloud that hovers night and day),
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The hound hung back, and back he drew
The Master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of Life!
   There now the matin-bell is rung;
The " Miserere !" duly sung;
And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they ?   Ruthless Lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now and answer groan for groan,
The child before thee is thy own.
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river roll'd.

A CHARACTER.

As through the hedge-row shade the violet
      steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals;
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the
choice.

Spare the fine tremours of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim:
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion
blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

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Ah soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!
That hand shall strew thy summer-path with
    flowers;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre
    fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

TO ———.*

Ah! little thought she, when, with wild delight,
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night
O'er her young mind divine enchantment
    threw.

That in her veins a secret horror slept,
That her light footsteps should be heard no
    more,
That she should die—nor watch'd, alas, nor
    wept
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent Fancy drew
The kindred forms her closing eye required.
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile
    she knew,
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.

And now to thee she comes; still, still the
    same
As in the hours gone unregarded by!
To thee, how changed! comes as she ever
    came,
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye!

* On the death of her sister.

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Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,
When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,
By the way-side she shed her parting tears—
For ever lovely in the light of Youth!

CAPTIVITY.

CAGED in old woods, whose reverend echoes
    wake
When the hern screams along the distant lake,
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.
In vain! the nurse that rusted relic wears,
Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears;
And terraced walls their black reflection throw
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.

A FAREWELL.

ONCE more, enchanting maid adieu!
I must be gone while yet I may;
Oft shall I weep to think of you,
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,

Ah no, I dare not turn to trace—
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

—Say, when to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be.
Adieu! a long, a long adieu!
—Yet still, methinks, you frown on me,
Or never could I fly from you.

TO THE FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES, COMMONLY CALLED THE TORSO.

AND dost thou still, thou mass of breathing
    stone,
(Thy giant limbs to night in chaos hurl'd),
Still sit as on the fragment of a world;
Surviving all, majestic and alone?
What though the Spirits of the North, that
    swept

Rome from the earth, when in her pomp she
    slept,
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk
Deep in the dust 'mid tower and temple sunk ;
Soon to subdue mankind 't was thine to rise,
Still, still unquell'd thy glorious energies !
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught
Bright revelations of the Good they sought ;
By thee that long-lost spell in secret given,
To draw down Gods, and lift the soul to
    Heaven !

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,

The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade,
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See to the last, last verge her infant steals !
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee ; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, grey with age, the dial stands
That dial so well known to me !
—Though many a shadow it had shed,

Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy-isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy* the boatman told;
His arm, that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat, thy shore I climb'd at last;
And, thy shady region pass'd,
Upon another shore I stood,
And look'd upon another flood;†
Great Ocean's self! ('T is He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;

* A famous outlaw.　　　　† Loch-Long.

Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain:
All into midnight-shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!
Glad sign, and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to Friendship and to thee!
  Oh blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Toll'd duly on the desert air,
And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and
    slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

——◆——

INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPLE
DEDICATED TO THE GRACES.

Approach with reverence. There are those
    within
Whose dwelling place is Heaven. Daughters
    of Jove,
From them flow all the decencies of life;
Without them nothing pleases, Virtue's self
Admired, not loved; and those on whom they
    smile,
Great though they be, and wise, and beautiful,
Shine forth with double lustre.

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WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
OCTOBER 10, 1806.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.
There sleeps the dust of Fox, for ever gone:
How near the Place where late his glory shone!
And, though no more ascends the voice of
   Prayer,
Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,
Still, like an awful dream that comes again,
Alas! at best as transient and as vain,
Still do I see (while through the vaults of night
The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)
The moving Pomp along the shadowy aisle,
That, like a Darkness, fill'd the solemn Pile;
The illustrious line, that in long order led,
Of those that loved Him living, mourn'd Him
   dead;
Of those the Few, that for their Country stood
Round Him who dared be singularly good:
All, of all ranks, that claim'd Him for their own;
And nothing wanting—but himself alone!

Oh say, of Him now rests there but a name;
Wont, as He was, to breathe ethereal flame?
Friend of the Absent, Guardian of the Dead!
Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed?
(Such as He shed on Nelson's closing grave;
How soon to claim the sympathy He gave!)
In Him, resentful of another's wrong,

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The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—
Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?
  What though with War the madding nations
     rung
"Peace," when He spoke, was ever on his
    tongue!
Amidst the frowns of Power, the tricks of State,
Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!
In vain malignant vapours gather'd round;
He walk'd, erect, on consecrated ground.
The clouds, that rise to quench the Orb of day,
Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away!
  When in retreat He laid his thunder by,
For letter'd ease and calm Philosophy,
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
Where still his god-like Spirit deigns to rove;
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
For many a deed, long done in secret there.
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallow'd page;
There, listening, sate the hero and the sage;
And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
Whom most He loved, and in whose arms He
    died.
  Friend of all human-kind! not here alone
(The voice that speaks, was not to thee un-
    known)
Wilt Thou be missed.—O'er every land and sea,
Long, long shall England be revered in Thee!
And, when the storm is hush'd—in distant
    years—
Foes on Thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears!

TO——.

Go—you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away.
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roe-buck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;

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Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

AN INSCRIPTION.

SHEPHERD, or Huntsman, or worn Mariner,
Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay thy thirst,
Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,
Arch'd, and o'erwrought with many a sacred
          verse,
This iron cup chain'd for the general use,
And these rude seats of earth within the grove,
Were given by FATIMA. Borne hence a bride,
'T was here she turn'd from her beloved sire,
To see his face no more. Oh if thou canst,
('T is not far off) visit his tomb with flowers;
And with a drop of this sweet water fill
The two small cells scoop'd in the marble there,
That birds may come and drink upon his grave,
Making it holy!*   ·   ·   ·   ·   ·   ·

          * A Turkish superstition.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-
  green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear!

Mark yon old Mansion frowning through the
  trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown
          court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest:
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly
          hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling
          jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas there we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babe we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its
     sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on
     high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time ?
That massive beam, with curious carvings
     wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive
     thought;

Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through
     their dust,
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive
     rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer-
     shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first best friend that Heaven assigns
     below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;

Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight
    steals !
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

   The School's lone porch, with reverend
      mosses gray,
Just tell the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

   Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore.
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;

Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd :—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd **my** breast ;
This truth once known — To bless is to be blest !
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray,)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, " Long may such goodness live !"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark! through those old firs, with sullen
 swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes,
 farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-
 door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its
 spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echo'd to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to
 shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his
 spade
He lectured every youth that round him play'd;
And calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here
 alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;

Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined!

Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight;
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh grant the grateful
        Muse.
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!*
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,

---

* Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
 Mens animi : hanc circum coeunt, densoque feruntur
 Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum.

Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious PROSPERO's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell;
Each at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course.
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the
    breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers
    sleep;

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail:
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the
        mast,
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy-forests fringed the evening-sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering
        height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castle cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the
        wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.

And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth.
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's
        sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no
        more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the
        gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he
        sought
Where Ilium stood, and where PELIDES fought,
Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steer'd through the waves; and when he struck
        the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
PELIDES-like, he leap'd the first ashore;

'Twas ever thus.   As now at VIRGIL's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclosed,
The immortal Sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves!
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul!

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in the shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What though the iron school of War erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;

Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.
The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm;
Why great NAVARRE, when France and free-
    dom bled,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind
The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade,
In calm Solona's philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a
    throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.

Undamp'd by time, the generous Instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.

The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture
        round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scathed oak warr'd the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, enquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm !
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all that knew him, know his face no
        more,.

His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of
          earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred
          grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points
          her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the
          sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains
          rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
'Tis vain! through Ether's pathless wilds she
          goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls
          attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dared not hope re-
          lief,

Want with her babes round generous **Valour**
    clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcomed
    from the sky.

  Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow
    horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

P. 72, l. 8.

How oft, when purple evening tinged the west.

VIRGIL, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. "You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground."

So also Zappi, an Italian Poet of the last century. "When I used to measure myself with my goat, and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori."

P. 73, l. 17.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear.

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered, "Where are they?"—*From an Arabic MS.*

P. 76, l. 20.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of
Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its
ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him,
stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth
shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this
home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly,
Questa e Roma Antica."

P. 77, l. 27.

The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to
some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads
which habit and association are continually stealing
over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is
here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to
emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to
the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a
foreign land?"

P. 78, l. 7.

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu.

See COOK's first voyage, book i. chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment
is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who
came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See *Les
Jardins, chant.* ii.

P. 78, l. 16.

So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son lict, et se met a contempler la
France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.—*Brantome.*

P. 78, l. 26.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest effort of human genius. The Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

P. 79, l. 3.

Hence home felt pleasure, &c.

Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters? "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less."—*Vit. Demosth.*

P. 79, l. 6.

For this young Foscari, &c.

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

P. 79, l. 15.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of ou

senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.— *Johnson.*

P. 79, l. 21.

And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

P. 79, l. 22.

Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought.

Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age ; and with what feelings must the Scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of Him from whom he claimed his descent !

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menœtius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed.—*Arrian*, i. 11.

P. 80, l. 1.

As now at Virgil's tomb.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual

ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

P. 80, l. 3.

So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.—*Tusc. Quæst.* v. 3.

P. 80, l. 17.

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she shed tears over the bow of Ulysses.—*Od.* xxi. 55.

P. 81, l. 5.

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild.

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air si cheri des Suisses qu'il fut defendu sous peine de mort de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qui l'faisoit fondre en larmes, deserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent desir de revoir leur pays.—*Rousseau.*

The maladie de pays is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL's little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem
Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hoedos.

And the Argive, in the heat of battle,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

P. 81, l. 10.

Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm.

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly

passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.*—*Suet. in Vit. Vesp.* cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Postea-quam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente forma priore*, infinitis ædificiis circundedit.—*Hist. August.* 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—*Mem. de Mlle. de Montpensier*, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects."—See *his Letter to the D. of Sh.*

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—"I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child."

The Author of Telemachus has illustrated this subject with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibee, Persan.

P. 81, l. 11.

Why great Navarre, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry

the Fourth, of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long sidge of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray ; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—*Mem de Sully.*

P. 81, l. 14.

When Diocletian's self-corrected mind.

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. "If," said he, "I could show him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne."

P. 81, l. 18.

Say, when contentious Charles, &c.

When the Emperor, Charles the Fifth had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of Juste, he stopt a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in his early youth.

P. 81, l. 20.

To muse with monks, &c.

Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Geronimo, says Sandova.

In a corner of the convent-garden there is this inscription. En esta santa casa de S. Geronimo de Juste se retiro a acabar tu vida Carlos V. Emperador, &c.—*Ponz.*

P. 82, l. 16.

Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance entitled, "Lai du Pale-froi vair."—See *Fabliaux du* XII. *Siecle.*

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

.   .   .   Va mansueto a la Donzella,

Ch in Albracca il servia gia di sua mano.—*Orlando Furioso*, i. 75.

P. 83, l. 23.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest.

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it ; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—*Thuanus*, v. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—*Hist. Nat.* x. 37.

P. 84, l. 8.

Hark ! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye cannot see many inches before her.

ROGERS'S

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

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Delle cose custode e dispensiera.—*Tasso.*

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life; for we can only anticipate the future by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and

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awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

THE

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of
Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of
Truth;
Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;

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These still exist, by Thee to Fame consign'd,
Still speak and act the models of mankind.

From thee gay Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-
          ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect
          close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows;
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world
          adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face;
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-
          cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral
          song;

With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;
Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, see the captive barter'd as a slave !
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long re-
    sign'd,
Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base con-
    trol ;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;

Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening
    blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

   Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of
    Fate!
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create'
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by de-
    cay,
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sun-shine
    blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

   But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resign'd,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend'
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying
    round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies:
Though far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness
    dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam
    supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of
    Fame,
The sceptre Poverty unnerved his frame.

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Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare,
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He, who, through Nature's various walks, sur-
veys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, though so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?

When age has quench'd the eye, and closed the
 ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanish'd from her
 view;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet re-
 pose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were
 done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glori-
 ous pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—
 go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the
    piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales
    pursued
Each mountain-scene, majestically rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife;
Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE
    rear'd;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sigh'd.

Thus, through the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy-
            grove,
MARIA's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower,
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
So scenes of life, when present and confess'd,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay ;
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star ;
Above, below, aerial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy
            dell !

A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
(Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape
    threw
Her richest fragance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming Forester explored
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR's soul adored;
The rocky pass half-hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood;
Nor shunn'd the track, unknown to human tread,
That downward to the night of caverns led;
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows;
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore;
And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled
    eye.
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
Through morn's gray mist its melting colours
    gave;

And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.
Embowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the
   sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye;
Save when a bright and momentary gleam
Glanced from the white foam of some shelter'd
   stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd;
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly through the
   shade.
It ceased—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,
Still on each note his captive spirit hung;
Till o'er the mead, a cool, sequester'd grot
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore.

    Hence away, nor dare intrude!
    In this secret shadowy cell
    Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,
    With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies,
Entranced she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face?
Can VIRGIL's verse, can RAPHAEL's touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger
there;
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul!
In every nerve he felt her blest control!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet!

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
Till through a vista's moonlight-chequer'd shade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed)

An antique mansion burst in awful state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green ;
And, slow advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.
He wore the rustic manners of a Squire ;
Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire ;
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing
    Power !
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering
    hour.
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair ;
And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming
    hound,
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music
    round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind :
And each, with glowing energy portray'd,
The far-famed triumphs of the field display'd,
Ursurp'd the canvass of the crowded hall,
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a smile and many a story drew !

High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
And their fantastic branches widely flung.
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there !
These dash'd the wave, those fann'd the moun-
    tain air.
All, as they frown'd, unwritten records bore
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—His only child,
His darling JULIA on the stranger smiled.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
Her gentle gayety, and native ease
Had won his soul ; and rapturous Fancy shed
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red.
But ah ! few days had pass'd, ere the bright
    vision fled !

When Evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw ;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove :
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite
Amused the fisher's solitary night :
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade,
With fearful gaze their various course survey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind ;

And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave:
The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd with dewy ray
The few fine flushes of departing day.
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo, a sudden blast the vessel blew,
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired:
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expired!

The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind;
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO lived—and, still of each possess'd,
The father cherish'd and the maid caress'd!

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With JULIA's spirit through the shadowy grove:
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every flowret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he traced her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd

Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day,
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In FLORIO's ear breathed language not its own.
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY
          threw,
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!

But is her magic only felt below?
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it
          flow;
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imaged here:
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not call'd in slow succession to review;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,
To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine;

Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship
    soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to
    share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each
    care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;

If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no
          disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subjects to thy sway !
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

P. 98, l. 1.

These still exist, &c

THERE is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live for evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the Gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favour of GOD, the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for, in framing our conceptions of the DEITY, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

P. 102, l. 3.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.—See *the Rake's Progress*, plate 8.

P. 102, l. 24.

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

> Pleasures of Memory!—oh! supremely blest,
> And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise;
> If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
> Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
> By me how envied!—for to me,
> The herald still of misery,
> Memory makes her influence known
> By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:
> I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
> The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.
>
> She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
> Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
> Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,
> Of many a cause to wish yet fear to die;
> For what, except the instinctive fear
> Lest she survive, detains me here,
> When "all the life of life" is fled?—
> What, but the deep inherent dread,
> Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
> And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign?

P 104, l. 14.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

P. 104, l. 27.

O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd.

"I would not exchange my dead son" said he, "for any living son in Christendom."—*Hume.*

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

P. 110, l. 19.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

P. 111, l. 9.

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a mountain-lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.—See *Bourn's Hist. of Westmoreland.*

P. 112, l. 17.

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere;

The several degrees of angels may probably have

larger views, and some of them be endowed with ca-
pacities able to retain together, and constantly set
before them, as in one picture, all their past know-
ledge at once.—*Locke.*

THE END.